MUSTER

1951

SERIAL NUMBER
47117

UNITED STATES CO

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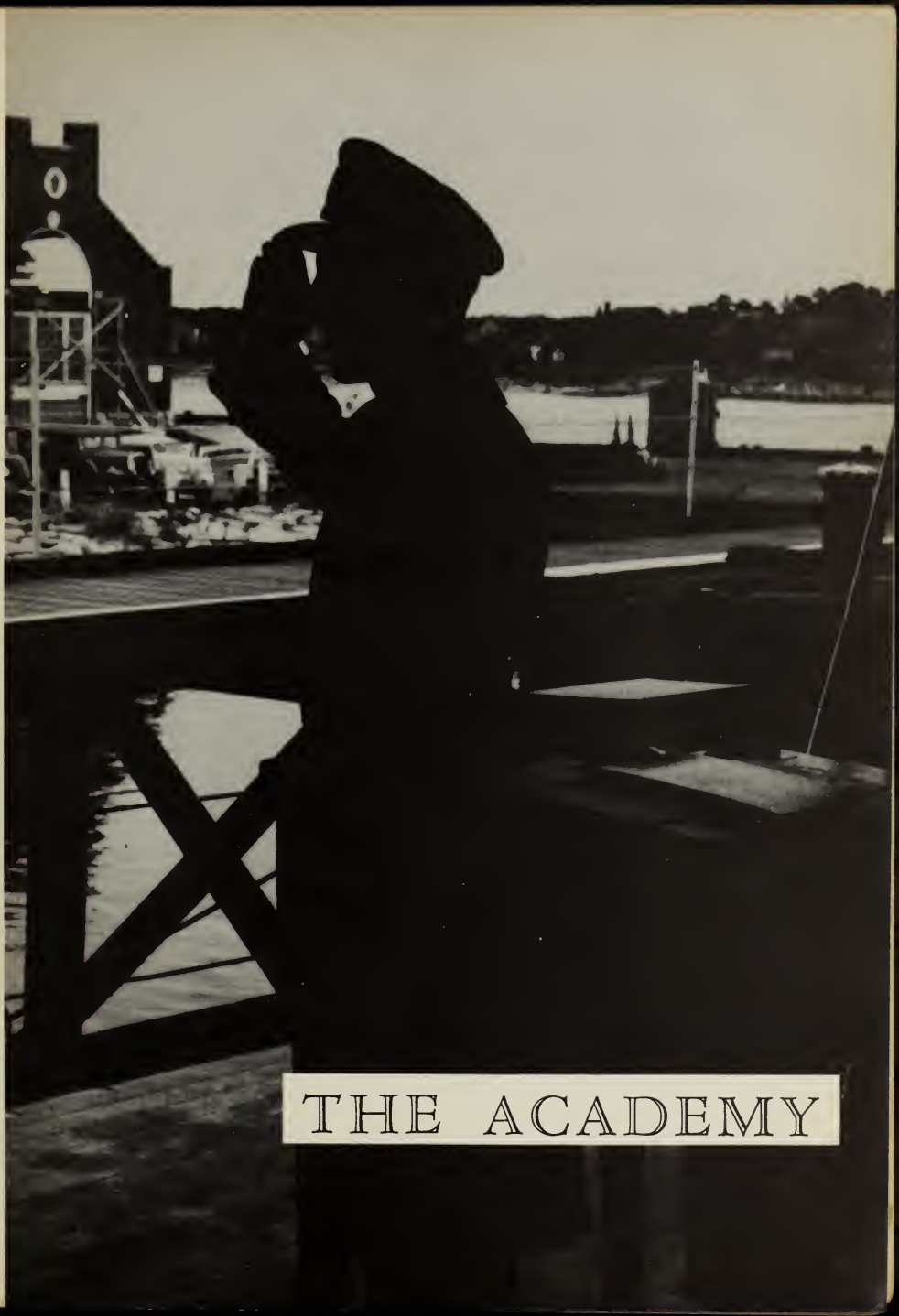
Officer in Charge of Marine Inspection

MUSTER

1951

DEDICATION

As a small expression of our respect and admiration, we feel it appropriate to dedicate the 1951 issue of *MUSTER* to Mr. Kimble. He has won our respect for his outstanding qualities as a Naval officer, and our admiration for his indisputable competence as a gunnery officer, and his patience and understanding as an instructor. To him we extend our thanks; he has made our time at the Academy immeasurably more profitable than it would have been without him.



THE ACADEMY

Massachusetts men have always been seafarers. The state early saw the advantages inherent in Federal legislation to promote the training of merchant officers, and soon afterward instituted a school for this purpose.

In 1892 the first class of cadets was selected and embarked in the USS ENTERPRISE for their training, the first of more than three thousand men who have served their country well in war and in peace.

The ENTERPRISE was replaced in 1909 by the bark RANGER, later renamed NANTUCKET, which served the school well through the long years until the second World War made expansion imperative.

With the war the facilities of the Academy were greatly increased. The shore base at Hyannis was acquired in 1941, so that many more badly-needed officers could be trained. After the war, in order to better qualify its graduates, the Academy developed a three-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Nautical Science.

The present training-ship, the Charleston, was acquired from the Maritime Commission in 1948, and in order to better acquaint the Midshipmen with shipboard conditions and maintain the ship, the school moved to its present location at Buzzards Bay, where the ship could most easily be moored.

THE SUPERINTENDENT

Rear Admiral Julian D. Wilson, USN (Retired)

Graduating from the Naval Academy in June, 1917, Admiral Wilson served in the NASHVILLE as division officer, in the BARKER as engineering officer and later executive officer, in the Black Sea and on the China station.

Having met and married Mrs. Wilson in Manila, he went to the Academy as instructor in ordnance and gunnery. A three-year tour of duty in the ARIZONA followed, and another assignment to the Academy.

For the next two years he served as commanding officer of the GOFF, and then of the WORDEN for a similar period. Next came a tour as Inspector of Ordnance with the New York Shipbuilding Company. Again at sea, he took command of the tanker MATTOLE. After a short assignment as Commander Task Force 32, he was sent to the Office of Chief of Naval Operations. He then served as commanding officer of the MARYLAND.

His last duty before appointment as Superintendent of the Academy was as Executive Member, Ship Characteristics Board, Chief of Naval Operations.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Hyannis

From: The Superintendent

To: The Class of 1951

Subj: Congratulations and best wishes.

1. It is with distinct regret that I observe you about to leave our ship and our school to take up your places in the world.

2. Having known you all well during your time here, I find it easy to temper my regret at your leaving with a pride in your promise of a bright future, a future of devoted service to our country and to the sea.

3. I have always endeavored to serve the ideals for which our fathers have fought. You will do so too, for you are fit for your duties, are capable, are men-- as Milton put it-- fitted "to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the duties, public and private, of peace and war."

4. Therefore I congratulate you on your graduation and wish for you a sound, full life of service.

Respectfully,

Julian D. Wilson

Julian D. Wilson
Rear Admiral, USN (Retired)

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. HURLEY

ARTHUR C. SULLIVAN

S. PHILLIP JASON

Board of Visitors

Walcott Ames, *President,* Barnstable County National Bank
John Desmond, *Commissioner of Education*
John J. Halloran, *Vice-President,* Sprague Steamship Company
Warren B. Nott, *Superintendent* of Machinery and Trial Engineer, Bethlehem Steel Company, Fore River
Captain Norman L. Queen, USMS, *Supervisor,* State Maritime Academies, Federal Maritime Board

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Commander John W. Thompson, USMS

Graduating from the Schoolship in 1912, Commander Thompson spent five years with the Lighthouse Service and a year with the New York-Puerto Rico Line, before joining the U.S. Army Mineplanters at Newport.

The end of the war found him returning to the NANTUCKET as Navigator, a post he held until 1925. A ten-year period as a Scout Executive followed, during which time he organized the Pine Tree Council in Maine and served as Executive Officer of the Quincy Council.

The year 1935 found him again with the school as Navigator. In 1941, when the school moved ashore to Hyannis and was renamed the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, he was chosen as Executive Officer, a post he has since filled capably.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
RICHARD T. ROUNDS, USNR

As head of the department of Seamanship and Navigation, Mr. Rounds is responsible for the calibre of the many navigators who have studied under him. Graduating from the Nautical School as cadet chief officer in 1926, he sailed with Standard Oil and United Fruit before returning to the school as a watch officer in the early 1930's. Since then he has been with the school except for a tour of duty with the Navy during the war.

COMMANDER
LOUIS A. WOODLAND, USNR

Cadet master of the class of 1929, Commander Woodland shipped out with Grace Lines for five years before returning to the school in 1934 as a watch officer. Since then his administrative ability has earned the respect of every Midshipman. After serving as Navigator and Executive Officer of the transport MONROVIA during the war, he returned to teach us communications, ship construction, and navigation. As navigator of our cruises he has taken us safely to our distant destinations.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
WILLIAM J. CONNORS, USNR

Graduating from the NANTUCKET in 1932, Mr. Connors saw varied experience in both cargo vessels and tankers before joining the staff in 1940. During the war he served in the USS NEOSHA, a tanker in the Pacific, and later he commanded the USS NESPELEN. Returning to the Academy in 1946, he soon impressed a new crop of Midshipmen with his rigid insistence on proficiency in seamanship, Rules of the Road, and Rules of S.I.

LIEUTENANT
PAUL G. HIRST, USMS

Mr. Hirst graduated from the NANTUCKET in 1926. After many years afloat, including wartime service with the Merchant Marine, he became Instructor in the Maritime Service Upgrade School in Boston. After the war he accepted a post as director of the Bay State Navigation School, leaving in June 1948 to begin his duties here as first division officer and instructor in cargo stowage, ship operation, and maritime law.

LIEUTENANT
LUCIAN T. PAGE, USMS

Another 1932 graduate of the school, Mr. Page spent ten years with American Export and Isthmian Lines, seeing almost every port in the world. In 1943 he became a pilot on the Panama Canal. He joined the staff in 1948 as watch officer and second division officer.

CHIEF BOATSWAIN
ARTHUR G. BRENNER, M.M.A.

Boatswain Brenner has been most colorfully with us since reporting to the NANTUCKET in 1927. We who have learned the elements of practical seamanship under him will never forget his keen mind, his huge store of experience, his vivid vocabulary.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.)
LEE HARRINGTON, USNR

Our athletic director and mathematics instructor arrived in June, 1946. A NROTC graduate of Holy Cross, he served as communications and radio officer aboard the ASTORIA and PITTSBURG. To him alone we owe the existence and excellence of our athletic program.

LIEUTENANT
ADMONT G. CLARK, U.S.C.G.R.

A 1940 graduate of Amherst College, our English literature and composition instructor, who doubles as third division officer, came to us in August, 1946. Commissioned in May, 1943, he served aboard the Cutter GRESHAM on convoy duty before taking command of an auxiliary freighter in New Guinea and the Philippines.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
RICHARD P. HODSDON, USNR

Mr. Hodsdon is a graduate of Colby College, with a M.Ed. from Bates. He has served many years both in the navy and in education, as well as in the merchant service. World War II found Mr. Hodsdon serving in Norfolk as HECP Officer at Balboa, and commanding officer of Tongatabu and Funafuti.

LIEUTENANT
CHARLES L. JAILLET, M.M.A.

Armed with a B.S. from New York University, Mr. Jaillet spent four years in Paris studying at the Sorbonne. Four years later, he returned to this country to take his M.A. After a distinguished career of teaching at Montclair Academy, Peekskill Academy, and Newark Academy, Mr. Jaillet joined the staff as Spanish and history instructor.

ENSIGN
WILLIAM T. NEVILLE, USNR

Our popular physics and chemistry instructor arrived in August, 1949. A V-12 graduate of Holy Cross in 1947, Mr. Neville took his M.S. in chemistry under a teaching fellowship.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
EDWIN L. KYTE, USN

Our new Head of the Department of Naval Science graduated from Annapolis in the class of 1936. After two years on the NEW MEXICO, he went to the ARKANSAS. Following this tour of duty came an assignment to the destroyer STEWART, and then to the TULSA. Next assigned to the carrier GUADALCANAL as gunnery officer, the conclusion of the war found him in the same capacity on the DETROIT. Since then he has served with the Marine Corps Amphibian School, before being transferred here to replace Mr. Cease.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.)
LESTER L. KIMBLE, USN

Mr. Kimble's favorite phrase is: "It all counts on twenty." He knows whereof he speaks, for he enlisted in 1929, serving four years on the China station in the AUGUSTA, and in such ships as the SAVANNAH and the GLENNON. Those fiendish, crosseyed mechanisms, fire-control mechanisms, have no terrors for him, for he was a Chief Firecontrolman before he was commissioned. The end of the war found him at the Naval Training Center, Boston, from which post he came here in April, 1949.

LIEUTENANT
DAVID W. CRIPPIN, USN

Enlisting in 1935, Mr. Crippin was in the NEW YORK, TEXAS, WYOMING, AUGUSTA, HERNDON, CONSTELLATION, and VIXEN. From Chief Teleman to a commission was his next rise. Just prior to his arrival here in March, 1949, he was attached to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic Fleet.

PAYCLERK (SC)
ALVIN ANTEEN, USNR

A graduate of Bentley School, Mr. Anteen, also studied at Northeastern. Entering the Navy in 1940, he served in the Pacific, Australia, and Hawaii, and aboard the HECTOR, LSMR 519, and LSMR 529. After being released to inactive duty he re-entered the field of accounting before accepting the post of Supply Officer here in August, 1949.

CHIEF ENGINEER

Lieutenant Commander James M. Murray, USNR

For seven years after his graduation from the NANTUCKET in 1935 Mr. Murray sailed for such companies as United Fruit, Eastern Steamship, and Cities Service.

Called to active duty in 1942, Mr. Murray saw service as machinery inspector at the Boston Navy Yard, and as chief engineer of the Maine Maritime Academy before being assigned to the SANCTUARY as chief engineer in 1945.

After being released to inactive duty he entered the Veterans' Administration for a year before accepting his present position in 1947. Since that time he has worked hard, both in teaching and practice, to pass his engineering know-how on to his students.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.)
LINWOOD G. SWANSON, USNR

Mr. Swanson has had a wide experience since his graduation from the NANTUCKET in 1941. A shipyard machinist until he secured a berth with American Export Lines, he sailed during the war with this company. In 1946 he became a boiler inspector and safety engineer for an insurance company, until his arrival here as instructor in boilers and Rules and Regs. He has just resigned to accept a position with a machinery construction company.

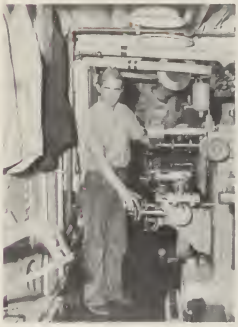
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
WILLIAM H. HEMMERLY, USNR

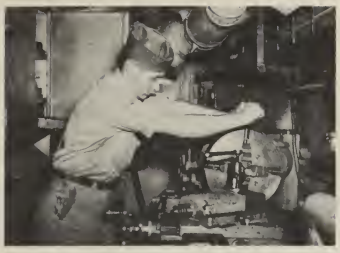
Mr. Hemmerly sailed for Standard Oil for six years after his graduation in 1936 from the schoolship. Called to active duty in 1942, he became chief engineer first of the CONWAY and later of the SHANNON, serving throughout the Pacific area. Upon leaving the service he became manager of an iceplant in California until accepting his present position. His students are well-grounded in electricity, refrigeration, and auxiliaries when they reach the tender hands of the Inspectors.

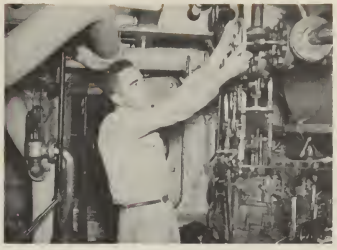
LIEUTENANT
JAMES D. CROSBY, USNR

Mr. Crosby joined the staff in June, 1948, after long service with various steamship companies and almost six years as chief engineer of various training vessels of the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps. As an assistant engineering officer, Mr. Crosby has contributed much to the excellent condition of the ship.

SHIP'S COMPANY







THE CLASS

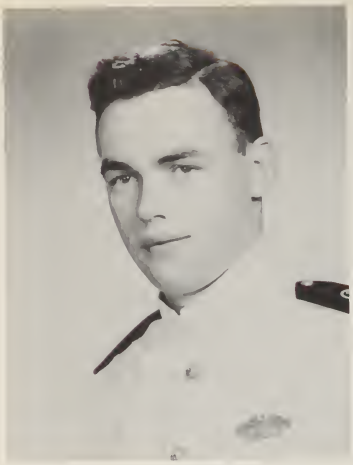
There comes a time in the yearly curriculum of every self respecting school when, for good or bad, a new class of eager, would-be alumni has simply got to be admitted. 'Twas on the day of August 30, 1948 that there descended onto Hyannis a roaring group of young men such as the town had never before countenanced. These ambitious lads had but one thing in common — their destination: the ivy covered walls - - excuse me - - bulkheads of Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

RAYNOR F. ALDEN
194 Linden Street, Everett, Mass.
Petty Officer First Class, Propeller Club, Glee Club

Ray, a Cape Codder by heart, was slowed in pace when he boarded the Charleston. For his honorary inshore license for undersized runabouts and highpowered engines meant little. Many days have we spent listening to his hundreds of exploits of circumnavigating Cape Cod Bay and his one and many narrow escapes from the sea. If Ray continues the pace at which he now travels he will undoubtedly end up a fast and debonaire chief some day.

DANIEL WESLEY ANACKI
4 Maple Avenue, Middleboro, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club, Basketball, Baseball, Company Adjutant

Big Dan's home port is Middleboro. He left the chicken farm to come to Maritime to show the outfit how to excel in sports and academics. His fidelity to the organization gave him the rate of Company Adj. Long will Big Dan be remembered for his glockenspiel solo and his close relationship to Miss Rome. Dan will go far even without a tailwind.



GARDNER STEWART BARRETT
25 Avalon Road, Waban, Mass.
Petty Officer First Class, Glee Club,
Propeller Club, Muster Staff

Gardie, the first half of the gold dust twins, was one of the first troops to arrive at M.M.A. His bosom companion, Urban, and he soon became a familiar sight scurrying around looking for deals. Gardie early showed the Young Men who was boss. Altho one of our more reluctant rates, he proved his worth both in studies and in his excellent knowledge of seamanship.

JOHN MICHAEL BARRY
12 Hawkes Street, Marblehead, Mass.
Propeller Club, Glee Club,
Ring Ceremony Committee, Petty Officer
Second Class

Nobody asked Marblehead, but here is whiptown's answer to the call of the sea. Our first impression of *Jack* was that made by his fine physique and wonderful tan. To that has since been added a good Irish tenor voice. John has a smooth way with the ladies, when he chooses to give them a break. Some of our tattooed tar's fondest memories spring from Vera Cruz and the century plant.

RICHARD NELSON BLACKINGTON
54 High Street, Needham, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club

With a woosh of airplane engines, *Volto* transferred his activities from the Squantum Air Arm to the Buzzards Bay Naval Service. Despite a sickness during his second class year, Blackie's perseverance in studies kept him up with the class. A staunch member of the Horizontal Club, reveille often blew for Volto during classes. Hoping to follow his brother's footsteps, Blackie intends to see much of the Fleet Air Arm.

WILLIAM S. BRADY
25 Valentine Road, Arlington, Mass.
Muster Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club
First Class Petty Officer

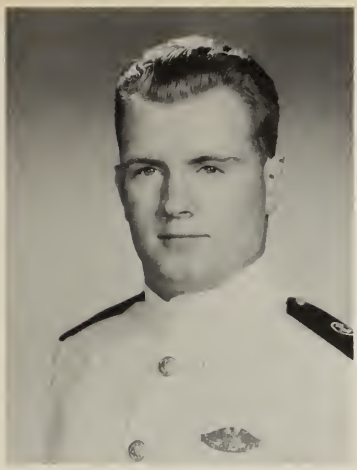
Max, native son of Arlington, while bombing down Mass. Ave. must have missed a turn and found himself at M.M.A. Numerous are his lengthy stories of close shaves and short cuts encounted while tangling with the M.D.C. Due to previous experiences acquired at Boston's best country clubs, he far excelled his classmates in the art of messcooking. Once Max acquired the Chevy Whippet he took on the role of commuter. If no one else does, the boys of '51 will always remember Max's attempt to make the "A" spaces a swimming pool.

JOHN MICHAEL CALLANAN
60 Clarendon Street, Malden, Mass.
Propeller Club, Glee Club,
Petty Officer First Class

Long John is one of the the more familiar pieces of furniture to be found in the Seamen's Sanctum Sanctorum. John has regaled us Sunday nights with tales of the boat-house and Chelsea. Although Jack didn't fit into his bunk too well, he managed to be there quite a bit. While having some trouble with R D Bs he did very creditable work in his other subjects.

JOSEPH JOHN CARVALHO
31 Tremont Street, No. Dighton, Mass.
Baseball, Intermural Basketball, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Third Platoon Sub-Commander, School Sports Reporter, Sports Editor 1951 Muster

The rocking and the rolling don't bother him — you can tell by his stack that he's an old "Destroyer Man". A personification of the famed 99 Charleston "Black Gang". *Joe's* forth-coming book "From Motormac To Ensign", in three short, greasy, slimy years, is bound for limitless success. Joe's time was always carefully allotted so as to give him time to keep an eagle-eye on his division and successfully handle the publicity of the school's athletics.



RICHARD CHESEBROUGH
58 Elm Street, Stonington, Conn.
First Class Petty Officer, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Dick came to us an accomplished salt and Connecticut maritime representative. Chese can usually be found discussing some fine point of seamanship or administration. Perchance you've seen him sketching the yacht he's going to sail around the world, or fighting for his most precious possession in the junior ward room. As the end of the month rolls around Dick's name can always be found at the top of the marking sheets.

KENELM NICKERSON COLLINS
Eastham, Mass.
Second Platoon Commander, Muster Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Ken's biggest single achievement after reaching Maritime was conquering his first pair of shoes. The sandy haired Chief is a typical example of life down under (the bogs). Due to his high scholastic studies and full tool set, he was destined as leader of B division. In short order, he put said division in the best shape possible — an example hard to surpass.

GARY COOPER
76 Collier Road, Scituate, Mass.
Propeller Club, Petty Officer First Class, Glee Club

Gary — following closely in his big uncle Gussies' footsteps — came to us from the lonely shores of Scituate. Since his arrival Drew has taken on the role of Answer Man. Despite graduating from the same school, Gus and the Spanish instructor had different views — which took Gary 5 weeks to clear up. Regardless of the fact that he was a member of the infamous Watch 1 he soon proved a hard worker and able engineer.

NORMAN H. CURRIER
29 Abbott Street, Beverly, Mass.
Band, Propeller Club, Glee Club, Football Mgr.

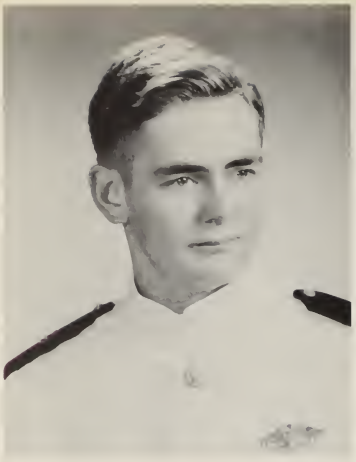
"Going out tonight?" Yes it's *Pop,* looking for some place to extoll his great knowledge or provide a little harmony. Beverly's gift to the Maritime Academy, Norm and the naughty Nash were a common sight between Beverly and Boston. Garthskie will always be grateful for Pop's fixing him up. Norman's thinning hair and cheerful countenance will never be forgotten.

DAVID ALDEN DODGE
44 Glen Street, Malden, Mass.
Glee Club, Band, Propeller Club

"Maybe the ordinary man, but not this boy." *Groucho,* noted for his dead-end jokes, seems to have cornered the market in dry humor. Dave can often be found in the junior wardroom basking in the rosy glow of a letter from his "Sweet Patootie." We wish to express our gratitude to Dave, the poor man's philosopher, for his parties and the many phrases he has coined.

ROBERT BARRETT ESTES
428 Market Street, Rockland, Mass.
Glee Club, Year Book, Century Club, Propeller Club

Who's that singing, "I'll be home for Christmas?" Your right, it's *Bob,* one of the more well behaved members who misunderstood the meaning of weekend liberty. Bob can always provide a laugh going thru the routine of Bob and Ray, his idols. His swimming lessons and date bureau at the Hospital will be remembered by all concerned. Altho we could never be sure just what his monologues said we always listened, for Bob never failed to draw a chuckle.



WILLIAM FARRELL
124 Floral Avenue, Malden, Mass.
Century Club, Vice President of the Propeller Club, Muster Staff

Willie is remembered for so many things that it is hard to center a few. However we found out from the start that he was a man of means who liked long rides (in taxis). His horsemanship showed up to fine advantage in Culebra and his musicianship asserted itself as a first. His fleet of cars and many voices can certainly not be left out. Will was one of the seamen who most jealously guarded the Sanctum Sanctorum.

JAMES FRANCIS FETTIG
37 Hazel Avenue, Scituate, Mass.
Propeller Club, Glee Club, First Platoon Commander

This Scituate fisherman's adroitness in things nautical made him a natural leader for first division. When Jim spoke Youngsters trembled. As unpredictable in his recapitulations of fact and fancy as he was in his nightly sorteos against the third jobs, Jim hopes some day to command a division of eighty-knot jet-propelled destroyers. The futile attempts to reach Kingston on Friday nights, guided by Ronson's steady hand and basso profundo, have gone down in class history.

RICHARD EDWARD GIETEK
5 Edgewood Street, Westfield, Mass.
Co-Capt. Football, Baseball, Propeller Club, Intra-Mural Basketball, Glee Club, Company Sub-Commander

Dick comes from that famous seafaring village of Westfield. Everyone around Boston either "Nose" or has heard of Gie. Dick is very successful in any task he undertakes including women, singing, and athletics. He is noted for his ability to keep out of trouble and is very seldom one of the members of the mast. His leadership ability and mastering of the studies has brought him the prominent position of Sub-Company Commander.

RICHARD HENRY GREEN, JR.
99 Walnut Street, Shrewsbury, Mass.
Band, Glee Club, Muster Staff Literary Editor, First Class Petty Officer, Propeller Club

Still clinging to the plowshare that connected him to his beloved farm, *Monster* stomped to M.M.A. to try a seagoing life. This gargantuan sized lad soon found recognition as one of the better natured and smarter members of the class. Much of Lum's spare time was taken up by pouring over Dom's gun books and planning their rifle team. Altho in a totally different environment, Lum's deep thinking soon brought him to the fore in the class.

DAVID E. GREENE
46 Fellsview Avenue, Medford, Mass.
Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Listen, Facts and Figures, the other half of the gold dust twins, has got the word first again. It seems that *Urban* got the word while sailing down the paint locker ladder. Delmar of the crooked hats and big grins found out early how things were and since then has never failed a test. Between sick bay and being in the third watch, he managed to eke out more deals than three ordinary men.

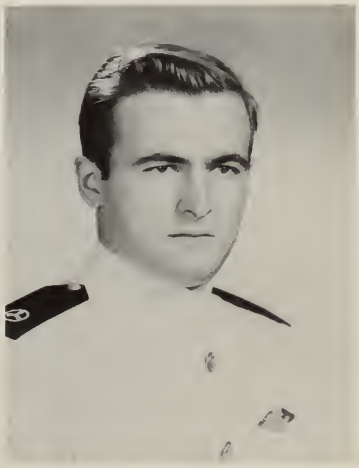
JOHN GRAHAM HARTWELL
83 Barnard Avenue, Watertown, Mass.
Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Muster, Class Secretary-Treasurer, Band Sub-Commander

Mouse, our own cherub from the high school of champions, showed his competence in studies as soon as he reached the shores of Lewis Bay. It is rumored that Graham is looking for a run to Curacao. Unca Bill's boy and his low slung sports car became a familiar sight on our campus by the canal. It is this writer's belief that undress blues were made for the express purpose of outfitting him in the best way.

ROBERT ARTHUR HASLAM
Converse Road, Marion, Mass.
Editor—1951 Muster, Third Platoon Commander, Basketball Manager, Propeller Club, Glee Club

Descending upon us, tied to his clyclotron with an M.I.T. barrel hitch, *Bob* lent us our intellectual touch. Always an authority on matters of mathematics, Bob's natural quickness earned him the helm of third division. The five? cylindered Chevvy piloted him to Abington on many a stormy night. It has been said that it makes no difference whether it was spelled backwards or forwards, it remains an aid to navigation.

ALBERT J. HEALEY
12 Francis Road, East Weymouth, Mass.
Petty Officer First Class, Propeller Club

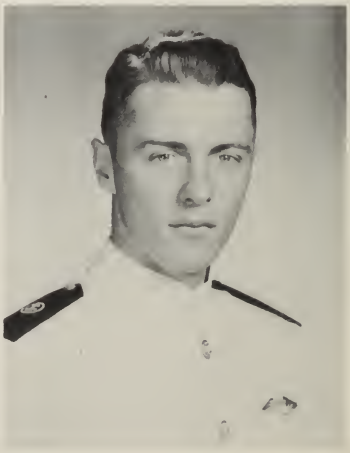


Sarge redeployed from the army — cast aside his role as foot soldier and soon became the leader of liberty parties. Even on a rainy, nasty day Sarge could muster up a smile for the boys — and a good word for the management. He owes his good attitude to the frequent visits to the Country Club, and his talks with Immie. *Al* is the strong, silent efficient, type of engineer.

PATRICK HENRY
101 The Crescent
Babylon, Long Island, New York
President of Class, Glee Club,
Propeller Club, Ring Committee,
Petty Officer Second Class, Muster 1951

"Give me liberty or give me death" — this famous quote heralded the approach of Long Island's favorite son. *Pat,* whose keen humor supplied us with many laughs, came to M.M.A. an accomplished seaman sporting many colored pictures. The Henry boy's bombers shortly became landmarks on our rolling campus. It is said that Pat is arming for another weekend at the Catacombs.

THOMAS EDWARD HENRY
101 The Crescent
Babylon, Long Island, New York
Band, Drum Major, Propeller Club



The old adage, "Society always arrives late" must have been on *Tom's* mind the day he arrived at Hyannis. Despite his late entry Tom soon became well known and liked by all. Babylon's own came to us already steeped in the love of the deep. Altho Tom had a bit of trouble with Ordnance and Gunnery, his proficiency at handling a baton earned him a C.P.O. rate in the band during his last year.

DAVID ELMER HOWES
Shattuck Place, Chatham, Mass.
Band, Petty Officer, Baseball
Propeller Club

The number of feet in *Dooley's* scantlings is matched only by the number of knots and splices he has mastered. His droll humor and bogger sayings have pulled us thru many a blue morning. The transition from rowing dories around Chatham harbor to guiding them around Buttermilk Bay fazed Dave not in the least. A carpenter by family environment and a seaman by profession Dave's horse sense will see him thru.

ALBERT PETER IANNICCHERI
Box 158, Charlton City, Mass.
Baseball, Football, Propeller Club, Glee Club, Petty Officer Second Class, Century Club

A cushion shot from Admiral Billard put *Nick* in the Academy, where he was to spend 3 adventurous years. Nick's famous banana purchase at Madeira was one for the books, as was his love for New Orleans. The Charlton City kid could always be counted on for one of those special laughs, and his full hearted participation in athletics.

ALBERT ALDRICH LEONARD
40 Nye Road, Falmouth, Mass.
Glee Club, Company Chief Petty Officer, Propeller Club

One of the Bogger clan, *Sinbad* came to Maritime with the fabulous reputation of having climbed the tallest single spar in the world aboard the windjammer *Atlantic*. His stories of Gibraltar and Malta and his long seafaring career held us spellbound for hours on end. Cricket's longing for fast and efficient used cars has provided him with long tales of woe and hours of pleasure. Gib will go a long way even if only behind the wheel of his roaring racer.

THOMAS DAVID LOMBARD
82-14 Penelope Avenue, West Forest Hills
New York City, N. Y.
Editor of Photography 1951 Muster, Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Tom's strong desire to follow the sea was instilled in him even before going to N.Y.S.M.A. and has remained with him up to this point. Whether or not orange blossoms will change his mind is a moot point. Dom's love of guns and cameras, knowledge of seamanship, his knack for doing math problems by sym(pathetic) division and his driving ability will give us something to remember.

ALF RICHARD LOOTZ
39 Maple Street, Kingston, Mass.
Propeller Club, Petty Officer First Class

Ronson, caterer at his solitary weekend parties, was always a bottle of laughs when some plucky person, bent on self destruction, undertook to separate him from his rack. Tooty's scientific approach to the age old problem of rubbing two sticks together provided an interesting interim to a number of dull mornings. Altho Alf is reputedly a smooth operator with the fairer sex, his interests seem to center around Kingston.

RICHARD HENRY MAICHLE
34 Leslie Lane
New Hide Park, L. I., New York
Petty Officer Second Class, Glee Club, Muster Staff, Propeller Club

Fresh from Schuyler Prep. *Moose,* the Social Sailor and Sea Lawyer, ran out of gas in front of Mass. Maritime — and stayed. His stay was livened by many trips to New York — Wheaton College — the mast and a quick tour of the Cape via weapons carrier. Dick is always ready with "That ain't nothing, in New York we have —" If it weren't for his many experiences much of our spare time would have been boring. Dick's practicability will carry him far.

VINCENT JOSEPH MARIA
27 Dewey Street, Watertown, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club,
Dance Committee, Petty Officer
Second Class

Vinnie, the little fellow from Watertown, push-carted his way to M.M.A. V.J. spent most of his first two years hiding and his last year, sleeping. Regardless of the fact, that his locker holds many bottles of hair restorer his hair line was voted most likely to recede. He is also known as a sharp dresser, and is always up on the latest dance steps. With his good nature and ability Vinnie will go far in the Maritime field.

ALLEN E. McCARTHY, JR.
24 Forest Street, Worcester, Mass.
Petty Officer First Class, Propeller Club

Torchie was blown in by a sudden draft; a former member of the Federal School, Mac got here two years late but caught on to Merry-time pretty fast — and was soon after seen heading for Rhodie and the other old familiar places. Despite his plumber type antics, Mac will eventually put down his blowtorch and join the ranks of M.M.A. engineers.

WILLIAM CHARLES MENZLER
P. O. Box 36, Glenham, New York
Football Manager, Glee Club,
Propeller Club, Intermural Basketball

An up state New Yorker, *Bill* sailed into Maritime with his Schuyler Ticket in hand. On the first cruise Willie and a pal found New Orleans too inviting. But, alas, made a false step in a mess deck port and saw the other ports from afar. We will always remember his dawn debates with the Master at Arms and everlasting sense of brewing trouble. The fleeting birds of the sea will continually remind us of this fair headed veteran.

HOWARD TAYLOR MURPHY
48 Pleasant Street, Lester, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club

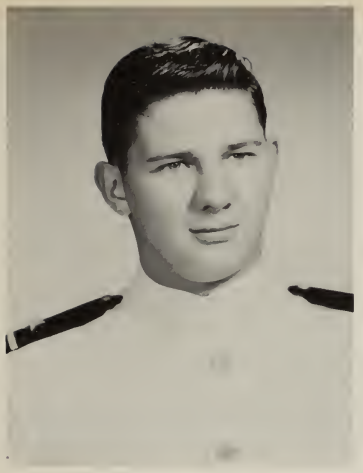
The Academy's most elaborate and successful "cozy" operator, *Howie* always managed to be where the work party was not mustering, and was usually enjoying the luxuries of his rack. Red's quiet efficiency at M.M.A., as well as his famous red hair, cannot be overlooked, but on liberty he was a different man. Leicester vibrated when Howie was in town. The U.S. Lines will have to make way for another of the red-headed, wrench swinging Murphy clan.

WILLIAM EDWARD O'LEARY
356 Blue Hills Parkway, Milton, Mass.
Baseball, Glee Club, Intramural Basketball, Dance Committee, Propeller Club, Muster Staff

"It's smooth, solid, terrific." That's *Big Bill*, of O'Leary's Irish Minstrals giving us the scoop on the latest song. Bill's initiative and strong class spirit went a long way in making our Ring Dance the best in Merrytime history. The loud nocturnal vocal emissions were often the subject of off-time conversation. With his traditional hearty handshake and St. Mike's background, our bet is that Bill will be a seagoing politician — and a good one.

STANLEY PACUK
87 Grove Street, Norfolk, Mass.
Propeller Club, Glee Club

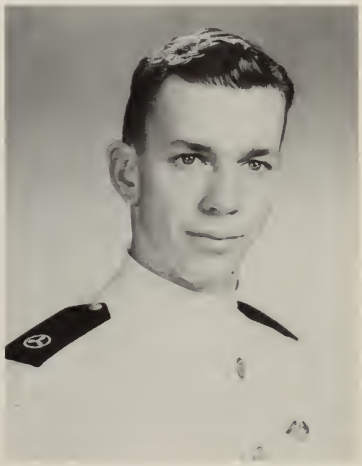
"Young Stan" waddled his way from Norfolk, via the Park Hotel, to M.M.A. I doubt if any one will forget Stanley with his brown and white saddle shoes, his inability to keep in step, and his sharp wit. The cutest little cherub in Mass. is well known for his well rounded and polished checks. Stan will never forget the day the Chief Engineer saved his life from Dinty Moore and the bilges under the bilge pump. Stan didn't fit under there.



ARTHUR PANKOPF, JR.
126 Mt. Vernon Ave., Melrose 76, Mass.
Glee Club, Intramural Basketball, Propeller Club, Football, Dance Committee, Muster Staff, First Platoon Sub-Commander

199 pounds of rootin', tootin', rickshaw pulling fun, *Art* — altho one of the more serious of the class — would really let loose on the week-ends. Arthur won fame as a close advisor to Hop and as ringleader in Martinique. Those of us who went to Boston in the Phaeton will never forget that seabag. Mrs. Pankopf holds our lifelong gratitude for her uncomplaining co-operation towards the successful shindigs that have made *Puffy* the recognized master of social affairs.

FRANKLIN H. PERRY
33 West Street, Attleboro, Mass.
Petty Officer First Class, Muster Staff, Propeller Club

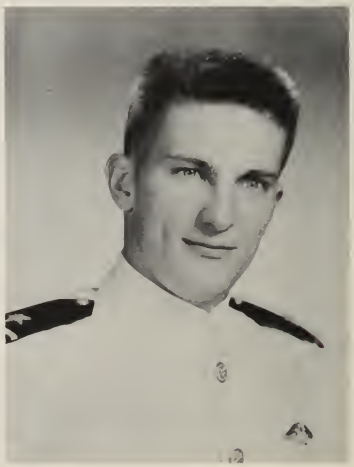


Frank found his way to M.M.A. from the wilds of Attleboro. He is a "savvy" little engineer and was one of Ernie's prize students. Although Frank was a quiet lad on the ship, on liberty it was a different story. None of the engineers will forget the weekend stag party at the Perry mansion in Osterville. In the past three years Frank has excelled in his studies and his engineering ability is hard to equal.

EDWARD JAMES PHILLIPS
1 Lattimer Street, Marblehead, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club, Muster 51,
Petty Officer Second Class

Washed up by an excessively high tide, *Lips* was right at home in Maritime. The original "Marblehead" in the class, Eddie was always ready with a good word for his home town. Ed jumped the gun about turn to's — but after a short repression he came back in great style and the sound of his voice sent the Youngies bounding. His close association with the sea is sure to help him in his future endeavor.

RICHARD CHARLES QUERY
South Street, Marion, Mass.
Second Platoon Sub-Commander,
Basketball, Glee Club, Propeller Club



Ensign Query, the conscientious rate, if not at a formation was bound to be one place — his rack. As president of the horizontal club, Dick is renowned for being the most consistently tired person we have ever seen. This might be due, however, to his tangling with 440 volts. Dick's seamanship and natural resourcefulness will no doubt earn him a fine berth with the Merchant Marine.

JOHN MARTIN REYNOLDS
55 Brookside Avenue, Winchester, Mass.
Petty Officer Second Class, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Muster Staff

Desiring to change the blue waters of the mighty Aberjona for that of the briny deep, *John* left his beloved Winchester to become one of the troops. Rav's impersonations and his insatiable hunger are among our fondest memories. Raynard showed his proficiency in his studies during the 2nd class year and carried this into his last year. Jack's seamanship knowledge will contribute greatly towards making him a successful officer.

CHARLES H. ROGERS
41 Lewis Street, Newton, Mass.
Bandmaster, Glee Club, Baseball, Basketball, Propeller Club

Chickery Chick, our able band leader, soon showed his ability — and the band immediately improved. Wild-root cream oil Charley was ever ready with a grin or a laugh. Those who have ridden in Chick's Model A will still remember that feeling of going sideways faster than moving ahead. Chick's latent pitching ability was put to good use by our baseball team and his school spirit can never be forgotten.

BRUCE LAWSON ROULSTON
44 Wachusett Road, N. Weymouth, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club,
Ring Ceremony Committee

Studs, the local strong man, is a familiar sight going thru the daily dozens on his 01 deck gymnasium. A keen mind and astute powers of observation made Bruce a most interesting companion on liberties in foreign ports. His logical approach to any problem and his relish of hard work make him our best practical man. We understand that after graduation Bruce will still abide by the "rocks" and "shoals."

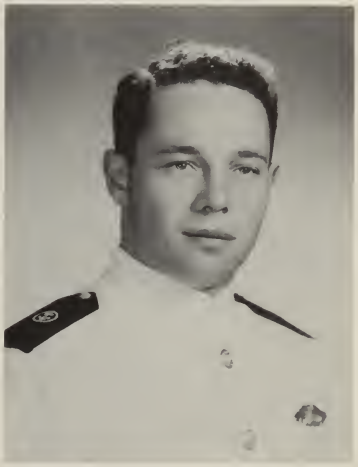
WILLIAM ROSS SCARBROUGH, JR.
105 Miln Street, Cranford, New Jersey
Co-Captain Football Team, Propeller Club, Glee Club, '51 Muster Staff, Petty Officer First Class

Another Schuyler Prep boy *Ape* arrived from Cranford via his Papa's hack service. Bill isn't exactly the Bostonian type, but he was soon showing the local boys how things should be done in Bean City. All his talents weren't in the joy making line — his short, squatty shape was a powerhouse on the football field. Bill spent a little time testing Army vehicles one summer but decided to stay with the boys of Watch 3. We all know Bill as a good engineer — with plenty of experience.

RICHARD WALTER SCHUERCH
42 Bay View Avenue, Quincy, Mass.
Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Dickie, our affectionate St. Bernard, is one of the better natured and better liked of the class. Altho crowding 200 pounds, he managed to trip thru the compartments with the grace of a ballet dancer. Everyone was sorry when Schoosh joined the century club, everyone but Warren — that is — who got a kick out of it. It's said that Dickie has acquired a taste for Jungle Juice. Altho Dick still has a soft spot in his heart for the Coast Guard, he will get far in the Merchies.

GARTH B. SCOTT
264 Lebanon Street, Melrose, Mass.
Football, Glee Club, Propeller Club



The original all form kid came to us from Bridgeton Academy well versed in the wiles of school life. Whether dancing or driving, *Scotty* could be depended on to do the right thing in the right way. Altho prone to worry about quarantine list's, Garthski's job seats paid off very well. Thank you, Graham. Bearing up very well thru some false accusations, Scotty proved that he was a native Herring Choker.

RICHARD SEVERYN
124 Yale Street, Ludlow, Mass.
Football, Baseball, Propeller Club

Sevvie had a rough time getting to Maritime as he had to fight the Indians to get out of Pioneer Valley. The ace bandage boy soon took over the job of Junior Coach and leader of the local C.I.C. Although he received all A's in his High School driving course Sevvie led many a car to the repair shop. Another Watch 1 boy, there will be no barriers to hold him back.

ROY THEODORE SHAUGHNESSY
156 East Elm Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club, Football, Basketball, Baseball (Capt.)

"Shaun", the outstanding athlete of M.M.A., hails from Wollaston. His ability to throw a football, basketball and baseball won him wide acclaim at M.M.A. and the South Shore. Roy's friendly and "Tacky" attitude has made him a fast friend of all three classes. The engineers' compartment will never forget Roy bursting out of the engine room at four in the morning yelling at the top of his voice, "Which button do I push Peter, the red one or the green one."

WILLIAM EDWARD SOARES
River Road, Mattapoisett, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club, Century Club, Band, Football

The fair haired lad from the farm in Mattapoissett arrived a month after the rest of the class due to his reaping of a late harvest. It took *Bill* a while to catch up with the fast moving engineers. "Young Will" is well noted for getting the most demerits at one mast. He just had to go roller skating. Bill is one of the more energetic engineers, you can catch him almost every afternoon in his sack. Besides being a "savvy" engineer, he is also one of the mainstays of the band.

JAMES VICTOR STERLING, JR.
24 Myopia Road, Wollaston, Mass.
Band, Propeller Club

After a quick slide from Kents Hill, *Bitter Jim* took his place on the engine room flats. At times it was difficult to tell if the ship was falling apart or if it was just Jim's knees. Whenever Jim smelled flowers he looked for the coffin. There were times at his cocktail parties when Jim saw the brighter sides of life and he is always at his prime at social affairs. A member of the infamous watch 1, Jim is as conscientious as they come.

LAWRENCE TIMOTHY SULLIVAN
27 Miami Avenue, West Roxbury, Mass.
Glee Club, Propeller Club, Year Book Staff, Petty Officer Second Class

Dragged to Hyannis by his dad, Mrs. Sullivan's youngest, *Lawrence Timothy,* embarked on three years of mad adventure. A member of notorious Watch 3, Lil Sull, often led the select six on wild excursions at liberty time. The other five members of the watch never complained about his slight stature, because L.T. was always picked for the smallest bilge compartment and mud drum duty. His abilities in comprehending studies made him fast friends with his classmates, especially in Spanish.

ROBERT HAYES SULLIVAN
28 Elinor Road, So. Weymouth, Mass.
Color Guard, Petty Officer First Class, Muster Staff, Football Manager "50", Basketball, Glee Club, Secretary-Treasurer Propeller Club

Of the many classmates from Weymouth at M.M.A., *Big Sull* was the one who really stood out — fore and aft. Flag Bearer Sullivan followed in cousin Watty's footsteps, also becoming a part time Cape Codder. Big Sull will always be remembered for his mastery of the maneuvering board, for which, many of us thank him, and also his famous patched undress blue pants. One of the famed Watch 1 boys who is sure to make good.

EDWARD C. SWETT
126 Draper Street, Dorchester, Mass.
Propeller Club, Glee Club,
Dance Committee

"Sleepy Ed" shot has way out of Dorchester to get to M.M.A. Ed wasn't exactly the active type but you could always consult him in his office Tier 1 on the Port side. He was quite the talker but it usually took a little priming to get him started. Many a Sunday night's sleep was lost while Ed expounded on his numerous weekend experiences in Dorchester and White Horse Beach. His quick learning ability will undoubtedly carry him far in the Engineering world.

HOWARD JOSEPH TARPEY
2866 Randall Avenue, Bronx 61, N. Y.
Glee Club, Propeller Club

The *Bronx Bombshell*, a Schuyler boy, made a big impression almost as soon as he got to M.M.A. Famed as a soloist right away, he soon earned more fans in Joe's. As a basketball star he helped pull 2D out of the cellar. That cozy bottom sack of his stood him in good stead after a particularly strenuous weekend. The Hook is anxiously counting the days until the F.D. tests come up.

WARREN WEEKS VESSIE
76 E. Merrick Road, Baldwin, New York
Propeller Club, Glee Club, Band

Unca Warren is another of the Schuyler boys, and from the first liberty on, he proved to be a man worth knowing. Eli and Hook were always a wondrous sight on those B.B. weekends. Altho the Baldwin accent was a little difficult to understand, we listened closely. Anything Ves had to say was worth hearing, as Sid will testify. Warren's fifty mission hats and the bass drum will be long remembered.

ROBERT VIVIANO
2 Littleton Street, Springfield, Mass.
Company Commander, Football, Basketball, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Ring Committee

Viv, God's gift to the weight lifters, came to us from far inland, but shortly proved himself a salt. His athletic powers and ability to get job seats earried Captain Viv to his coveted job. In an early talk to the Young Men, he gave them an idea of what life was like at M.M.A. Altho a strict leader, Bob's fun loving nature showed itself on liberty, often strenuously.

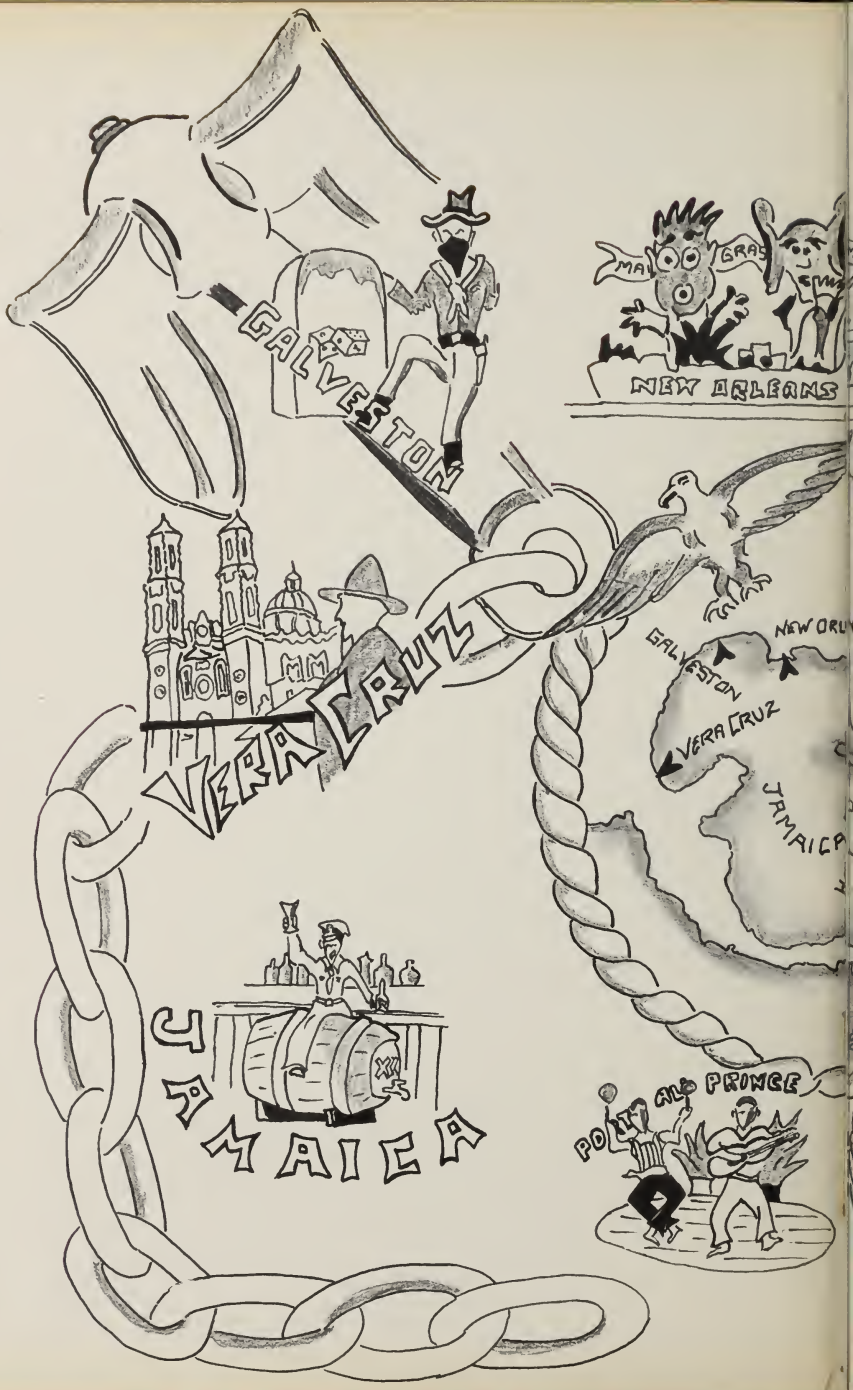
SIDNEY V. WRIGHT, JR.
9 Pleasant Street, Hyannis, Mass.
Glee Club, Year Book, Petty Officer
First Class, Propeller Club

As a local boy who made good, Sid won our respect and, yes, he even amazed us. After a radical change from aft to the — Gad — Sanctum Sanctorum he learned how different things were with the seamen. But with his quiet good humor and wit he bore through it very well. Altho Warren claimed the deck was always littered with feathers, Sid paid no heed. Sid's serious minded attitude toward all things will see him far in any endeavor.

The first few days that we lived in the comforting solitude of the campus were spent in being indoctrinated into the school's routine. During this period the obvious advantages of becoming a class were made apparent. On our off moments we picked up many little tidbits of information. We learned, among other things, that doors were not doors, windows were not windows, stairs were not stairs and nothing was what we thought it was. It was all very confusing.

And yet, in spite of what seemed to be unsurmountable difficulties most of us managed to stay to see Thanksgiving come and go. Our minds from then on were filled with thoughts of the forthcoming cruise to the Caribbean — and that famous cliché, "You'll get to love your little ship." Christmas was on us before we really expected it and the week's leave was a welcome thing. However, all good things must come to an end and Christmas leave did. Preparation for the cruise became the order of the day. Personal effects, academy gear, stores, oil and countless necessities were loaded on the Charleston. And then, with the sailing date met, expectation reaching an even higher pitch than usual, friends waving from the dock, etc., we left Buzzards Bay for

OUR FIRST CARIBBEAN CRUISE


GALVESTON
NEW ORLEANS
VERA CRUZ
JAMAICA
PRINCE

BERMUDA

CHARLESTON

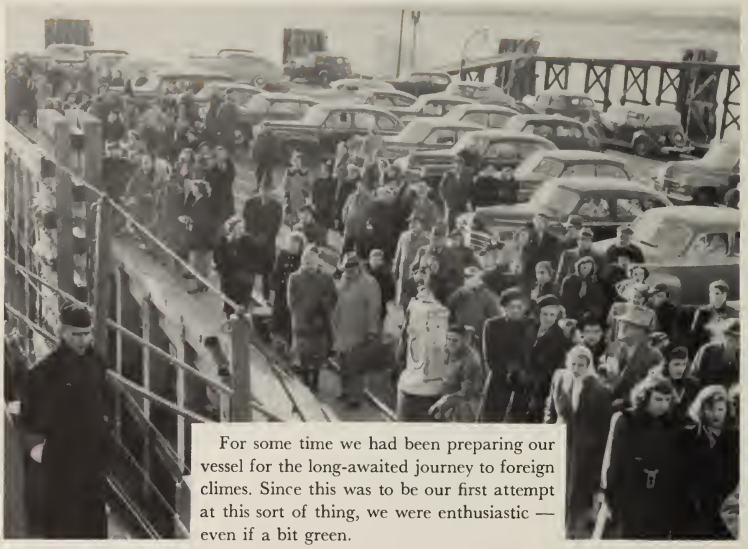
BERMUDA
CULEBRA
MARTINIQUE
CURACAO
TRINIDAD

CULEBRA

MARTINIQUE

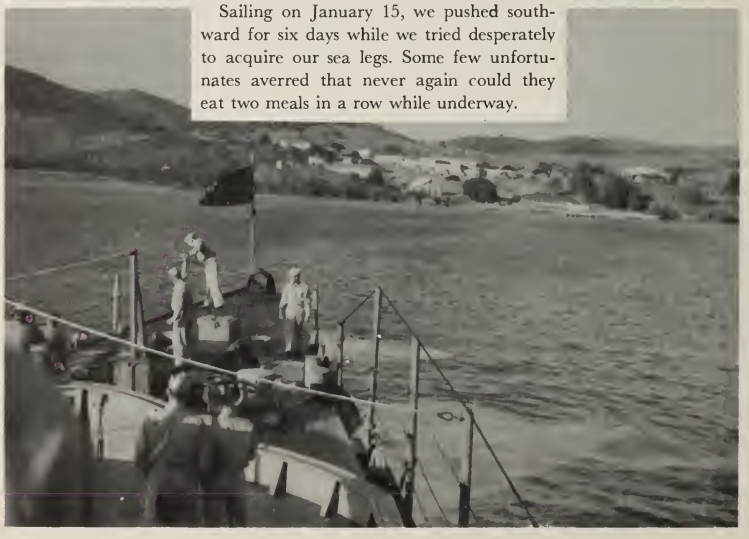
CURACAO

TRINIDAD



For some time we had been preparing our vessel for the long-awaited journey to foreign climes. Since this was to be our first attempt at this sort of thing, we were enthusiastic — even if a bit green.

Sailing on January 15, we pushed southward for six days while we tried desperately to acquire our sea legs. Some few unfortunates averred that never again could they eat two meals in a row while underway.



The charming little island of Culebra was our first stop. We soon discovered that the people were a lot friendlier than the ill-constructed equines offered to us for riding purposes. Our pained anatomies reminded us of these walking glue pots for several days. During our stopover we practiced the various drills and went to work with chipping hammers and paint, in a never-ending struggle to keep the Charleston in a reasonably presentable condition.

Martinique was our next island. Having docked in Fort de France we dashed ashore to find out what the almighty dollar was worth. To our surprise we soon discovered that the phrase "a dime a dozen" was quite literally true there. Joyfully we stocked up with perfume, berets, sterling silver — some of it personalized — and other trinkets; eagerly we inspected Fort St. Louis, Mount Pelée, and the other amusements of the town; and sadly we set sail for Trinidad.

After mooring at the Army Pier we invaded the island, and the unsuspecting city of Port of Spain fell prey to our devouring curiosity. Here we had an opportunity to see the famous pitch lake and walk thru the beautiful botanical gardens.

Then we moved to the Navy Base to fuel, where we met and conquered the Navy baseball team, 6-0. All too soon we were outward bound, having added an assortment of wooden articles to the already large hoard in our lockers.

As we rocked our leisurely way across the Caribbean, the dread green visage of *mal de mer* appeared before some few anguished eyes, so that it was with considerable relief that we saw the astonishingly Dutch skyline of Willemstad, Curacao.

This quaint city was a refreshing contrast to previous ports. Clean and neat, with its unusual drawbridge, it provided us with much to see and do. One of the greatest oil ports of the world, Willemstad showed us tanker operations on a large scale.

Our trip to New Orleans passed without incident, save for the usual round of brightening up the ship for our entry into port. As we shot up the Mississippi we congratulated ourselves on the spruce appearance of the vessel.

Tying up at the Poydras Street Wharf was a chore, for even then we could feel the carnival fever of the Mardi Gras drawing us into the city. Swept up by the happy crowds, adopted by the fiesta spirit, we gave ourselves to the God of Revelry. Perhaps the highlight of our stay was the Mid-City Parade — which the Corps of Midshipmen led — over a course of at least fifty miles. When the time came to leave we had to be pried loose. But down the river we coasted, out across the Gulf of Mexico and on down to Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz, with its modern air, its excellent leather goods and other things Mexican, gave us a chance to dispose of all the money that had cluttered up our lockers for so long. We will always remember the reception given us by the Mexican Nautical School. Again we played baseball, and, in keeping with the tradition of the Good Neighbor Policy, we allowed them the game.

Finally, with nary a peso in our jeans, or any place else for that matter, we left — destination Galveston. We who expected a cow town, complete with cows, were amazed to see a modern city — with streets yet. A great port and a wide open town, where we disported ourselves — those of us fortunate to have the necessary.

With few regrets, we sailed for Kingston, Jamaica. There we found one haven which we will always recall — the Myrtlebank Hotel. The warm hospitality shown us, the dances and receptions, made our too brief stay memorable. Then to Haiti.

Port au Prince was an education to us. The frustrated hot-rod drivers with their taxis, the native market place, the rich profusion of craft goods, and the harbor; all were intriguing.

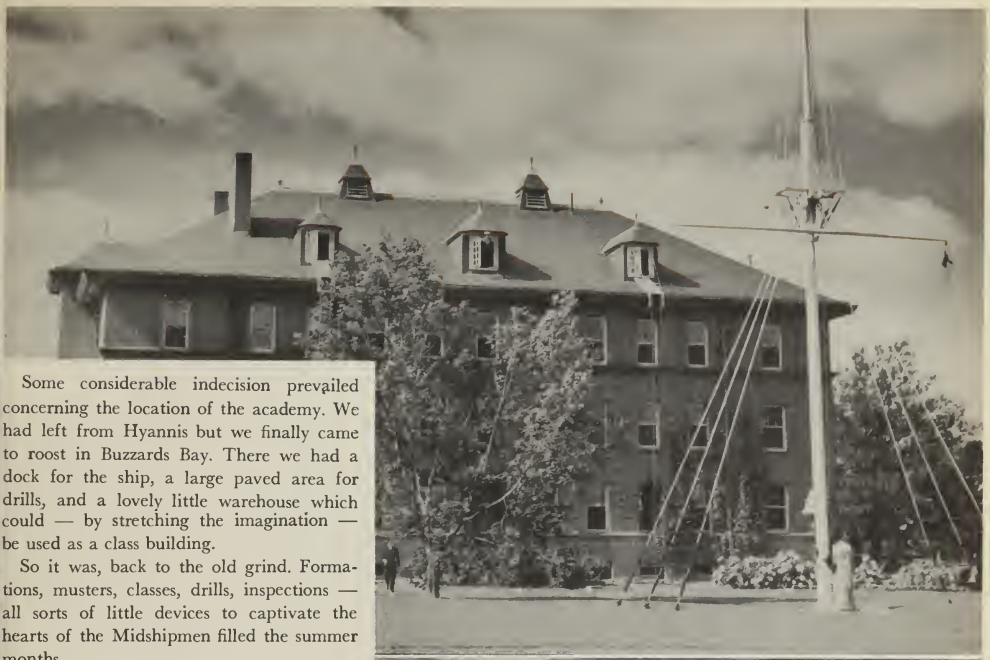
As we headed out everyone took a last sun-bath or two, for we were starting north — up thru Crooked Island Passage to Bermuda. Anchoring there as quickly as possible we chose our most collegiate looking pipes, clamped them between our teeth, and rowed ashore to see the rugby tournament. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were among schools represented.

Naturally there was quite a following of female spectators from corresponding ladies' seminaries; hence a good time was had by all. On numerous tours about the island we visited the Crystal Caves and the aquarium, we rented bicycles and wandered about, or we simply occupied space at one of the many beach clubs.

After a short stay at the Navy Base, another ball game, and large scale raids on the local Ship's Service, we sailed out thru the coral reefs and set our course due north for Boston.

The old Atlantic tried again to daunt us with the worst stretch of weather we had thus far experienced, but, old salts by then, we laughed and continued on.

Three months after departure, many dollars, priceless memories and experiences, and lockers full of souvenirs later we were in Boston, awaiting a chance to head home and relate our tales of wild adventure.

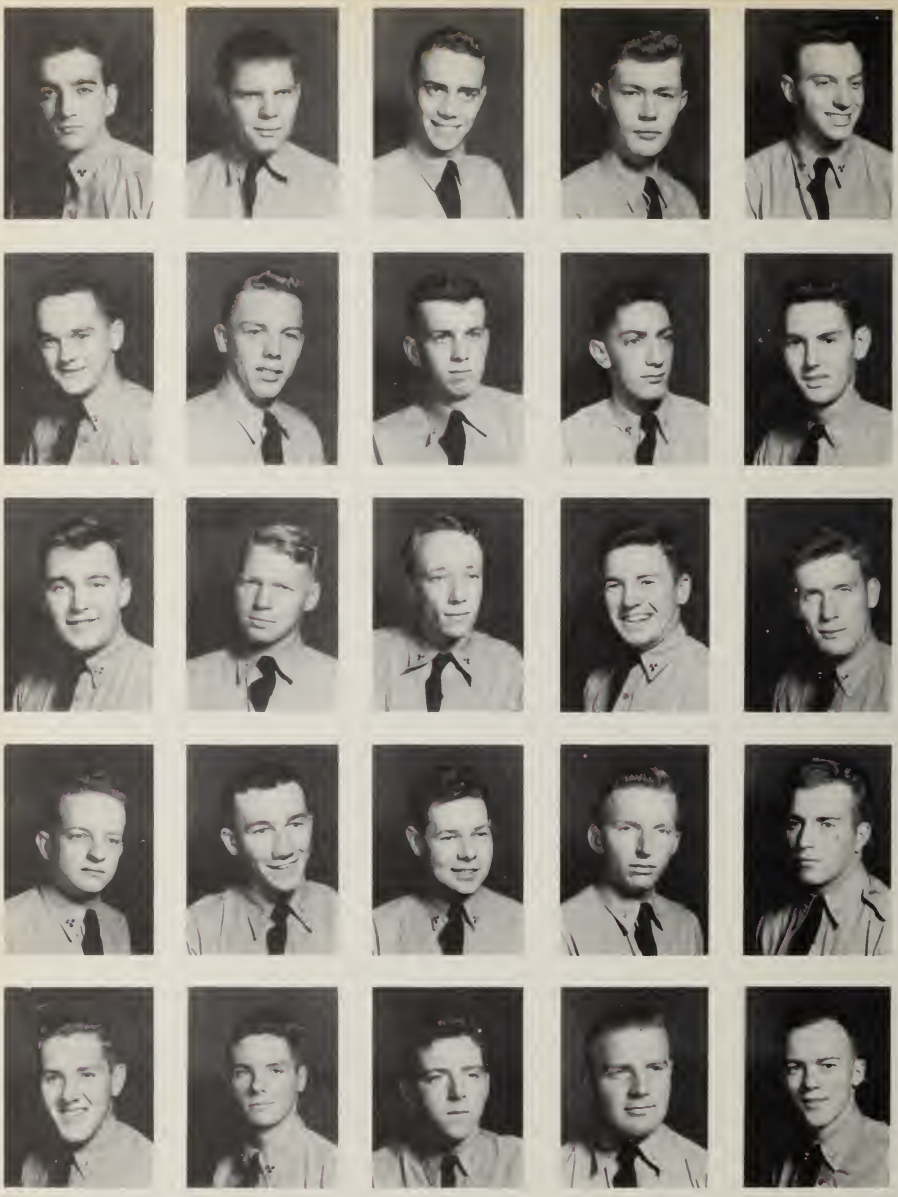


Some considerable indecision prevailed concerning the location of the academy. We had left from Hyannis but we finally came to roost in Buzzards Bay. There we had a dock for the ship, a large paved area for drills, and a lovely little warehouse which could — by stretching the imagination — be used as a class building.

So it was, back to the old grind. Formations, musters, classes, drills, inspections — all sorts of little devices to captivate the hearts of the Midshipmen filled the summer months.

Ah, those were the joyous times. Excepting, of course, the awful day when our beloved upperclass graduated in the palatial Fargo Barracks Quonset Hut amid the cries of anguish and despair that arose from the assembled body of their heart-broken friends.

On thru the summer we went, still young men, counting the days until the new class entered. After three of the longest months known to man . . . the blessed event! A new class of Midshipmen was brought into the world. We were promoted.



THE SECOND CLASS

Arena, Calkins, Caporal, Caswell, Chamberland, Childs, FS, Childs, JL, Curran, Curry, Davidson, Duke, Eagan, Farmer, Fitzpatrick, Flynn, Hamlet, Higgins, Hubbell, Jackson, Kaye, Loubris, Lopaus, MacKenzie, Maginnis, Makowitz

Not present: Arcikowski, Bagni, Barnum, Burke, Hendy, Holway, Howes

THE SECOND CLASS

Minville, Naroian, O'Connell, O'Connor, O'Donnell, O'Neill, Pattee, Purves, Roden, Rugani, Ryan, Sampson, Schutz, Shaw, Shea, Shortell, St. Germaine, Spratt, Stratouly, Sullivan, WF, Thompson, Williston, Wilkinson, Wilsing, Zielinski

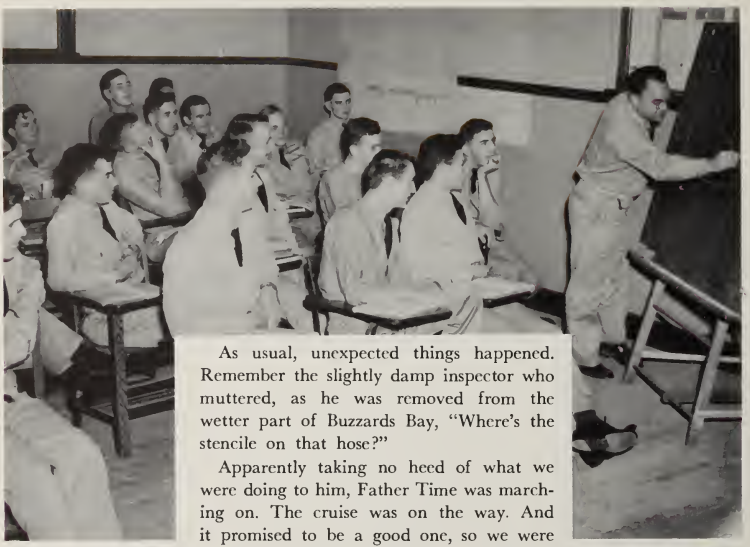
Not present: Monahon, Panora, Peters, Petzold, Pratt, Sheehy, Torrey, White, KD, White, RH

No longer had we to cower in corners, trembling at that dreaded call. We could be seen, we could talk above whispers, under ordinary circumstances we could have lived. But there seemed to be an excess of little people, wearing solid gold suits, who quenched our burning desires to rejoice.

Many times in the succeeding couple of months these little men found it necessary to take us aside and explain to us that we had only survived one year and, therefore, were to conduct ourselves accordingly. Virtually ignoring their paternal advice we soon discovered that there were two classes of youngsters. But we had fun! Just ask about the all weekend shindigs.

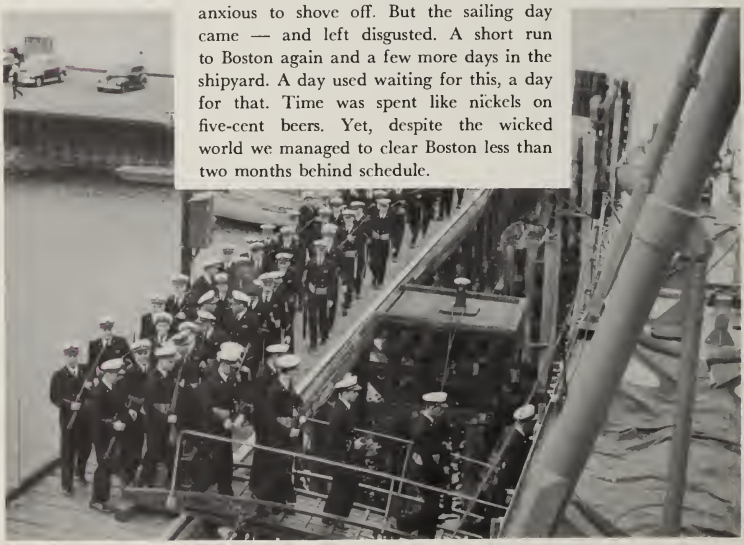
Along about this time it occurred to somebody that possibly our little ship could stand some renovations. Eager to oblige, we stopped classes and headed for Boston and the Simpson Drydock for a week of repairs. Strange how long a week can be. This particular one lasted for nigh on to a month. Those days were well spent tho. Liberty every other afternoon, extra long weekends, delightful conducted tours thru the yard and machine shops, fire watches; yes, we had everthing in our home away from home.

A few weeks later we were back in the Gulch with nine shiny new plates adorning the Charleston's bow. While we were in class studying books a small battalion of Steamboat Inspectors were giving the Chn. the once over.



As usual, unexpected things happened. Remember the slightly damp inspector who muttered, as he was removed from the wetter part of Buzzards Bay, "Where's the stencile on that hose?"

Apparently taking no heed of what we were doing to him, Father Time was marching on. The cruise was on the way. And it promised to be a good one, so we were anxious to shove off. But the sailing day came — and left disgusted. A short run to Boston again and a few more days in the shipyard. A day used waiting for this, a day for that. Time was spent like nickels on five-cent beers. Yet, despite the wicked world we managed to clear Boston less than two months behind schedule.



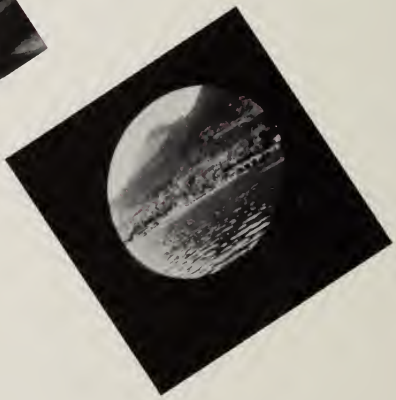
OUR MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

1950
CRUISE
ALGIERS·
CIGARETTES
CASBAH
GIBRALTAR·
MADEI
WE WERE NEVER MORE EXPENSIVE!
SID WRIGHT-

ROME.
HOLY YEAR
ARSEILLES.
NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE
SAN JUAN.
EL MORRO CASTLE
BOSTON.
DRYDOCK
RESTRICTIONS
LESTON

With the Atlantic in its worst frame of mind for many years, the Charleston and her Mariners took a severe beating which many will never forget. From the second day out until a few days before the end of our journey to Gibraltar (the Watchdog of the Mediterranean) little work was accomplished, and our watches were stood under the worst conditions that we had yet endured. We slept on the bulkheads and ate — seldom.

Finally, after two weeks, land was sighted and we entered the Straits of Gibraltar under a blue sky. Docking astern of HMS Gambia, the flagship of Britain's Mediterranean Fleet, we began the task of painting the hull and getting the machinery in top condition. During liberties the Midshipmen managed to see just about everything there was to be seen, and many made the long trek to the top of the "Rock" to view the outlying countryside of Spain.



After a short three day run we docked at the South Mole several miles outside the city of Marseilles, France. To many, Marseilles was the most entertaining port of the cruise, for the citizenry of this metropolis gave us a royal welcome. On the second day we moved from the South Mole to the old Inner Harbor at the foot of the famous Canebière. One thing that none of us will ever forget was the manner in which the pilot turned the Charleston around on the proverbial dime in the narrow Inner Harbor.

Several places in the city drew our attention; among them, Notre Dame de la Garde and Longchamps Palace. We enjoyed tours, dances, dinners, receptions and opera parties that were long remembered. However, time ran out and we left Marseilles for the quick two day run to Civitavecchia, Italy.

No sooner had we got our lines ashore in bomb-shattered Civitavecchia than half of the Midshipmen left on a forty-eight hour liberty in Rome. Through the courtesy of a Serviceman's Club we found lodgings and had tours arranged for us. These trips took us to the Vatican and its Museum, full of priceless works by the greatest painters and sculptors the world has ever known. We viewed in amazement the Sistine Chapel and the massive St. Peter's Cathedral. This was not all however, as we also visited such historic places as the Colosseum, the Forum, the Pantheon, the Appian Way and many others that we read about in our high school history books. The Catacombs, near the monumental shrine and burial place for victims of Nazi atrocities were also outstanding.

Meanwhile, groups of us saw many other things of interest on our own spare time. The Florida Club and the world famous Opera made our evenings pleasant and memorable. Perhaps the high spot of our visit in Rome was the attending of a public audience with Pope Pius XII. Again the Serviceman's Club took good care of us by arranging a reserved section close to the podium from which His Holiness spoke.

Many of us hope and plan to be able to return once more to Rome and spend more time in the scrutiny of that which we could only glimpse.

Another short two day voyage and we arrived in Algiers on the African Continent. Algiers, with its infamous Casbah built high on the hilly coast overlooking the harbor, made a beautiful picture on that early, warm Monday morning. Once again we were overwhelmed by the inimitable French hospitality in the form of tours, an American concert, and a reception at which champagne and French pastry predominated. Fezzes, hassocks, and perfume were the favorites of souvenir collectors. The Casbah — with the dark and narrow streets, the houses grown together over the alleys, the open-air market, the slippered, veiled, and turbaned inhabitants — intrigued many of us.

We left Algiers only to return to Gibraltar for an abbreviated stay in order to fuel and take on provisions. Those who might have missed some item during our first stop had an opportunity to remedy the oversight before we ventured again into the Atlantic.

With our departure from the Rock began the smoothest cruising of the trip. As we raced the flying fish for Madeira we experienced beautifully calm seas under a warm sun that presented an opportunity for a good tan.

Soon the volcanic island of Madeira rose from the sea, and we came to anchor in the harbor of Funchal, the island's largest city, clean and attractive, threaded with cobblestone streets, crowded with the ox-drawn sleds — which are best for ascending the steep slopes of the countryside — the colorful native costumes, deep ravines, roofed with flowering vines, traverse the city in order to protect it from the torrents during the rainy season.

Most of us, in sad financial conditions, found a true friend in trusting Manuel, an acquaintance of our Bos'n Brenner, who allowed us to purchase his fine linen on a credit basis. While anchored we were besieged with bumboats, as one in particular can testify. Here we held an abandon ship drill which showed improvement over our previous attempts. The maintenance program started to roll as our next port o'call was in a United States territory.

Having left Madeira, the next ten days brought us the finest weather imaginable. The days were full of watches and work, but they passed pleasantly enough. The cruising compared favorably to an excursion thru Boston Harbor in mid July. The eighth and ninth days were spent feverishly painting, and without doubt the Charleston looked better than she ever had since the Academy boarded her in 1948.

On the morning of the tenth day we rounded Morro Castle and proceeded into San Juan Harbor. Following a thorough customs inspection we separated to famous places of interest about the city. The Carib Hilton and Normandie Hotels, El Morro, La Marina, and Fort San Cristobal were the centers of attraction. It felt good to bask under a tropical sun and swim in the refreshingly cool Caribbean Sea. When night fell many eyes focused on the Casino where one of us made the management wish that we had never arrived. The San Juan Chapter of the Propeller Club honored us with a wonderful reception and dinner-dance that was memorable. On our second day we moved to the Navy Base to refuel, and there participated in "Armed Forces Day" by giving the Charleston a full dress. While at the base every courtesy and convenience was placed at our disposal by the hospitable staff of this important outpost. We left San Juan on the afternoon of the third day and looked forward to Charleston S. C. and setting our feet back on United States soil.

However, we weren't but about halfway to Charleston when we received an S. O. S. from the Dutch freight ship "Van't Hoff" urgently requesting medical attention for her captain — who had had a can of chlorinated lime explode in his face, blinding him temporarily. We, the nearest ship, changed course and increased speed in order to render assistance. Five hours later we rendezvoused with the "Van't Hoff" and transferred the victim by lifeboat. Keeping our increased speed, we headed for our South Carolina port to get the injured Captain van der Moolen to a hospital — while in the meantime our capable doctor and pharmacist mate applied emergency treatment.

Proceeding on past historic Fort Sumter we steamed into the harbor and docked at the Columbus Street Wharf on the eastern side of this typical southern city. The Charleston Propeller Club held a dance for us which was made pleasant by the attendance of the city's very beautiful belles. It was good to be in the States and those Southern accents were intriguing. Here we also received the heartening news that Captain van der Moolen was expected to recover from his ordeal and would regain his sight.

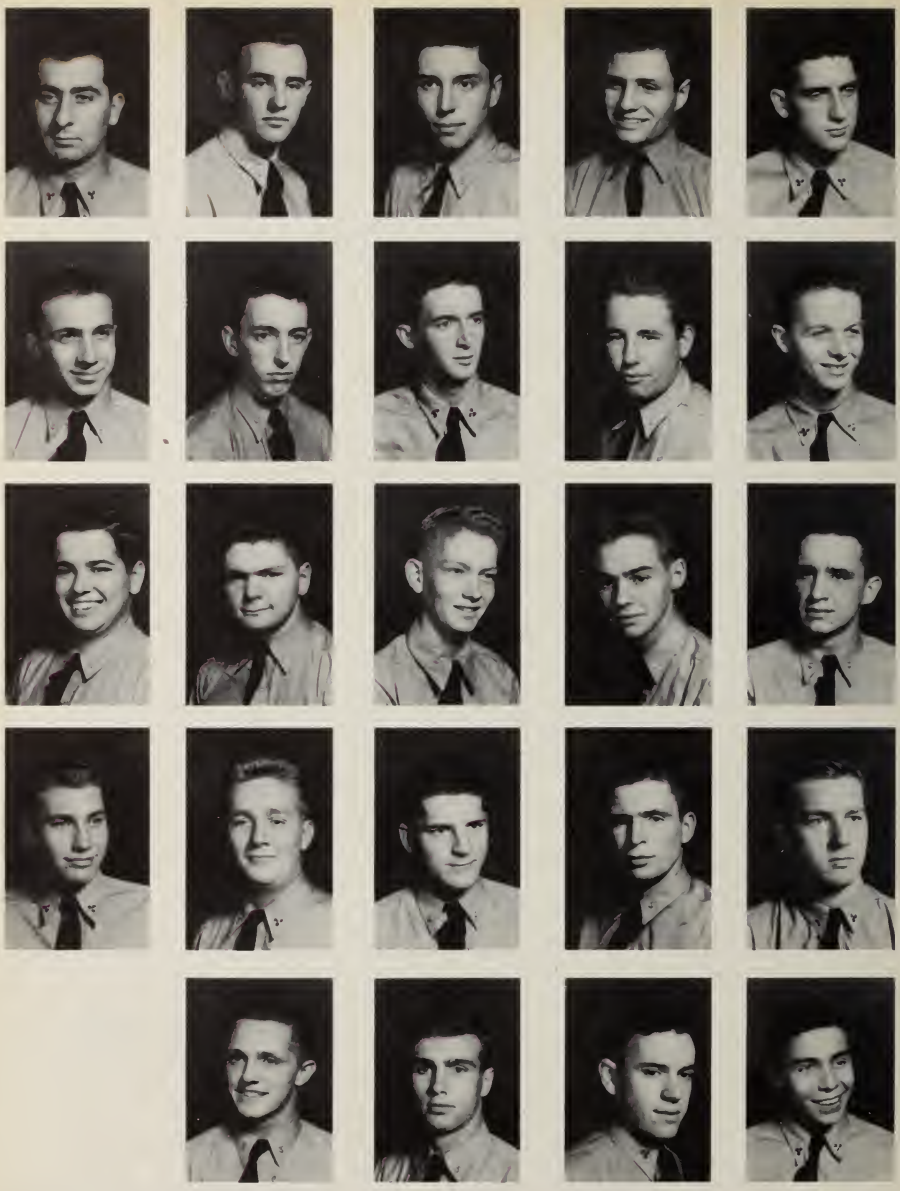
But we heard Boston call. Cape Hatteras was not all it was cracked up to be when we passed by, and before too long Nantucket Lightship was sighted. However, from there on in it seemed like eternity to all hands, who longed for liberty at home once again. That night, slackening speed, we passed Boston Lightship shortly after 0500. After an early reveille we docked at Commonwealth Pier while Boston was still asleep.

A hasty breakfast, then friends were let on board. The Starboard Watch left on a week's leave while Port Watch returned the Chn. to her berth; then their leave began. We were just getting warmed up on our sea stories when the week ran out, and it was back to Buzzards Bay with us. After a few weeks in our lovable warehouse it became apparent that a change of scenery was necessary if any serious studying was to be effected. Arrangements were made for our occupancy of the Bourne High School thru the Summer months, during which time the school building on the pier was to be renovated. A pair of modern busses was hired which, with our own '50 model, was our transportation to and from Bourne.

Strangely enough, a sudden desire to be the first at school seemed to crèep thru the student body. The drivers, after some little persuasion, fell into sympathy with us and thus began the daily stock bus races over the Buzzards Bay speedway. The unique vision of three ordinarily lumbering vehicles taking corners on two, or less, wheels became familiar — and even the town's tea drinking citizenry claim that we only touched the pavement every now and then. It's a sure bet that we weren't always where we should have been — as one man in a blue Olds convertible will testify.

As the Summer moved on into Fall anticipation mounted towards that very special day when it seemed that our chains would be shed. After months, yea years, of silent waiting — the great day arrived. From our seats in the spacious balconies of that great cornerstone of Bostonian history, Faneuil Hall, we waived a final, tearful farewell to those of our number who were thrown out into the cruel world to shift for themselves.

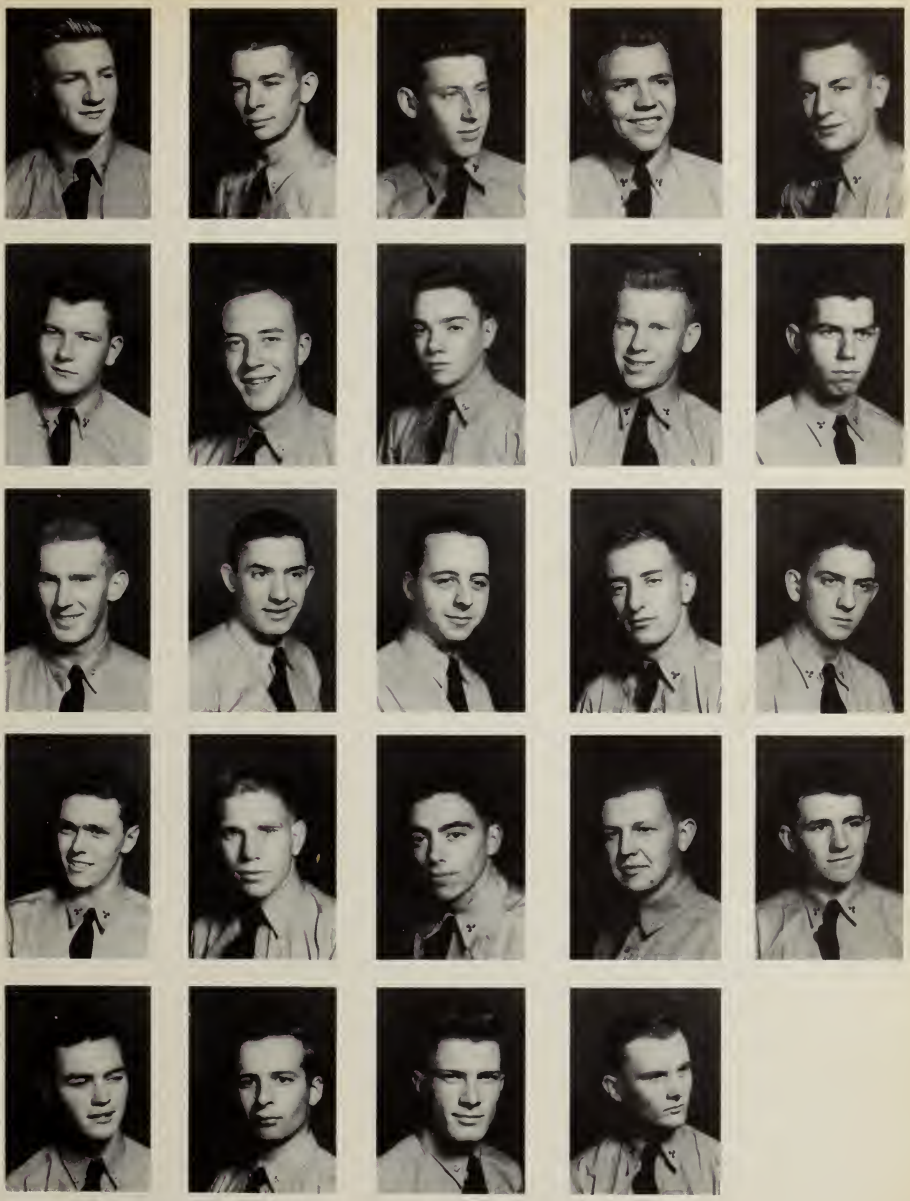
Hard on the heels of the graduation traveled a second event, the entrance and indoctrination of a new class of Midshipmen. Our Young Men.



THE THIRD CLASS

Aronson, Boyle, Cocchi, Corsano, Cunniff, Dagdigian, Dennis, Dionne, Donoghue, Donovan, Doonan, Doten, Dreghorn, Dumas, Fink, Gaskell, Hankey, Hassett, Hathorne, Jacobs, Kenyon, Lawler, Leigh, JH, Lessard.

Not present: Balboni, Barton, Carton, Fulton, Gerety, Harrington, Leigh, JR,



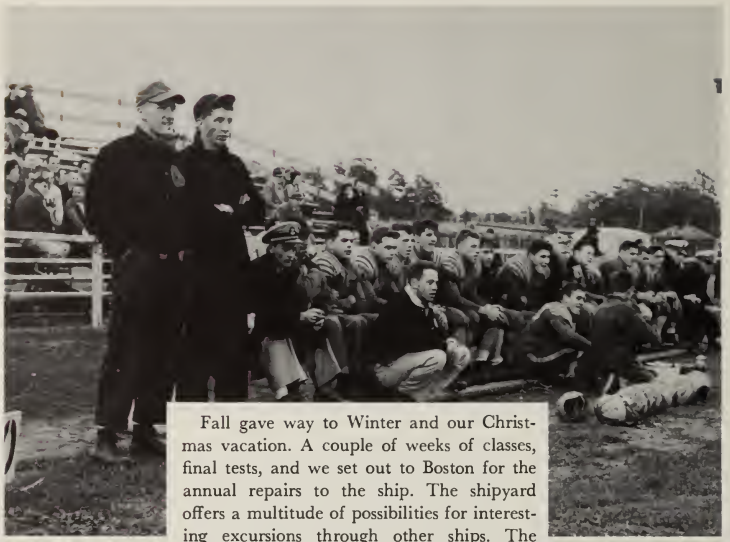
THE THIRD CLASS

Lewis, McCallum, Maher, Marston, McNulty, Moffett, Morse, Mullaney, Mycue, O'Neill, Russell, Shields, Stoddard, St. Pierre, Sullivan, HJ, Sullivan, JE, Suzan, Toner, Trenholm, Van Schelt, Watson, Werndli, Wickens, Wight

Not present: May, Nedder, Pilling, Randall, Richards, Rowand, Sibley, Slattery, Sudrabin, Swanson, Travaly, Wilson, Wotton

During the time the new class was being settled down, we had a week of leave. We returned anxious to see the boys and to try out a few experiments. Classes were started again in the revamped warehouse. The work was not yet finished but it was easy to see that there was a great improvement underway. We studied to the rhythm of workmen's hammers, still setting nails and finishing up the little incidentals. Of course, there was a catch, as usual. We could no longer complain that the conditions made school work impossible. The instructors expected us to study hard and learn their pet subjects thoroughly. Estudiamos mucho, pero comprendamos nada.

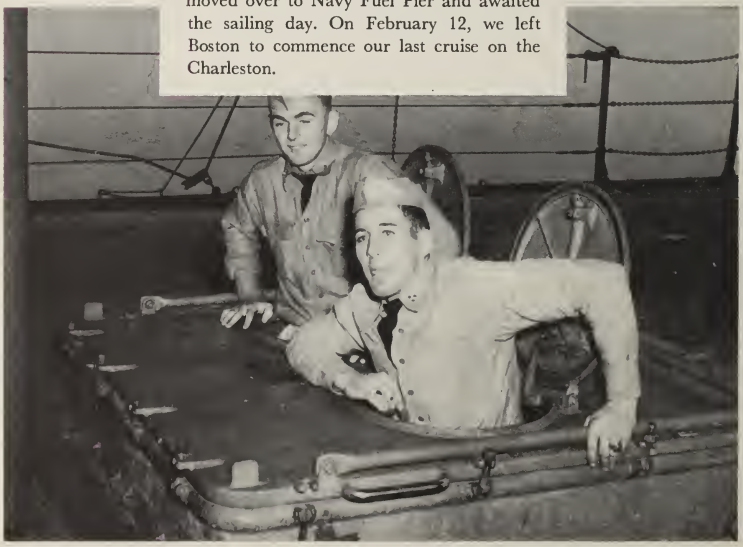
Our off moments, and we had more than ever before, were taken up in several different manners. Many seemed to hear Morpheus calling, and the horizontal club had a large and willing membership. Others gathered in the junior wardroom for events ranging from bull sessions to heated debates on to wrestling matches. There were a few who, finding these pastimes boring, held abandon ship drills and other such educational exercises. Almost everyone was engaged in some kind of pleasing occupation. Our general outlook brightened and we looked forward, even beyond the coming cruise, to our eventual graduation. Stories began to filter back of the success of some of the alumni we had known and the possibilities of our being able to equal or surpass them held our interest.



Fall gave way to Winter and our Christmas vacation. A couple of weeks of classes, final tests, and we set out to Boston for the annual repairs to the ship. The shipyard offers a multitude of possibilities for interesting excursions through other ships. The Coast Guard vessels tied up nearby supplied good subjects for our field trips. Then there were several merchant ships, separated from us by an easily scalable fence, which were of great help to us in demonstrating the careful and painstaking methods of stevedores when handling cargo.

While we were in Boston, an Argentine freighter arrived which carried eight cadets from the Argentine Maritime School. They visited us one night and we spent the evening comparing the schools and the life therein. A few of us returned the visit and were royally entertained by these friendly people. It was interesting to learn that, upon graduation, they earned less than we did as Midshipmen.

The innumerable uses to which a set of good towing bitts could be put were apparent to everybody concerned, and when we left the shipyard it was with the coveted addition shining from the fantail. It really looked spiffy back there. From Simpson, we moved over to Navy Fuel Pier and awaited the sailing day. On February 12, we left Boston to commence our last cruise on the Charleston.



OUR SECOND CARIBBEAN CRUISE

CIUDAD TRUJILLO
WASHINGTON D.C.
BARBADOS B.W.I
FLORIDA
PANAMA
HOUSTON
CRU
19

BOSTON
VIRGIN IS.
AMADE WHERE BY YOU KNOW WHAT
TEXAS
GUADELOUPE
HISPANIOLA
CULEBRA
ST. THOS.
ST. CROIX
TRUJILLO
GUADELOUPE
BARBADOS
TRINIDAD
TRINIDAD B.W.I
PAT HENRY

On the bleak twelfth of February we set sail from Boston, headed — thankfully — for warmer shores. Soon Provincetown Light was astern, and soon, too, we began to thaw out. In a couple of days we were in dungarees and T-shirts instead of blues and pea-coats.

During the cruise our major job is that never-ending one of maintenance — chip, red lead, and paint; and then begin again. The cycle is endless and the crew is always behind. In addition, we first-classmen were supposed to navigate. Oh, we could get our latitudes and longitudes; the hard part was in making them coincide with those of the navigator. Just as we were getting used to the feel of it Culebra hove in sight.

We had been here before, and we knew what to expect. As soon as we dropped anchor we picked up chippers, wire-brushes, and red lead — or rather the underclassmen used them while we watched. For sport we had a lifeboat drill each morning or rode the forbidden native ponies when we were ashore.

We soon learned that the island's enterprises — namely the Kentucky — were still in operation. The rest of the time was spent in heated discussions as to who should comprise the running boat crews.

After five days we got underway for the shuttle-run to St. Thomas.

St. Thomas was a port more to our liking. Home of rum — bay — it soon felt our arrival, as we swarmed over the Virgin Isles Hotel, Bluebeard's Castle, the Ransom House. While we were rummaging through the town we met numerous members of a Navy Underwater Demolition Team on location for the movie, "The Frogman".

A number of us attended a reception at the Governor's Palace, a gracious colonial mansion. Others patronized the French Quarter. Yet most of us seemed somehow to appear aboard the ship for the nightly movies.

Eager to return to our domain, the rolling sea, we sailed out past the old fort which served as a pirate lookout long ago, and settled down for the leisurely three-hour run to St. Croix.

After anchoring in the open roadstead of Fredericksted, on the island of St. Croix, in water so clear that we could see the bottom fifty feet down, we prepared for another invasion of a tropical city. Soon, however, we were disabused, and we headed for Christiansted, thirty miles across the island.

Most of us made the hospitable Club Comanche our headquarters, while we swam, sailed, or just loafed on the verandah of the club. We saw the store where Alexander Hamilton had worked as a boy, and the other sights, before shoving off for our next stop.

After an overnight run we came to anchor in the deep roadstead of Basse Terre, Guadeloupe. From our vantage point the town presented a primitive and not particularly inviting view. But we discovered our error when we got ashore. With the same French hospitality that we had met last year, in Marseilles, the people did everything for us.

Probably the most memorable experience was the overland drive to Pointe-à-Pitre, some forty miles away. The Foreign Legion garrison provided trucks and drivers for the tour through the volcanic, jungled island. The careening trucks, rocketing over the serpentine road, narrowly missing trees strategically located at hairpin turns, will live forever in the memories of those hardy enough to make the trip.

The annual Mid-Lenten festival took place while we were there. Colorful parades, native music, masquerade balls, gave us a chance to see these friendly people at their happiest. But finally we had to say au revoir and sail for Barbados.

From typically French to typically English — we sailed into the harbor of Bridgetown, Barbados just after R.M.S. Mauretania, to find a lovely winter haven of white beaches, sailboats, and friendly hospitality. Parties and dances established warm relations, and we even found that our BeeWee's (B.W.I. Dollars) could procure some very fine bargains in textiles and china for those who could recognize them.

Our sole means of transport, the dependable running boats, were kept busy shuttling into the Carreenage Landing and out again.

It was with considerable regret that we left for our next port.

Sailing into familiar territory, we gladly acted the old sea-dog as we pointed out the sights entering the Boca del Dragon and mooring at the Navy base, Port of Spain, Trinidad. A number of us had friends stationed there, and the dock was soon crowded with them. Soon we were making the most of the base facilities, the ship's service, the pools, the theatre.

The young men found the same places that we had two years ago — the Normandie, the Botanical Gardens, the delights of calypso music. Our baseball team repeated our previous triumph, defeating the base team handily.

All too soon we were casting last looks at the Dragon's Mouth as we headed out for Panama, a six-day run of sun-bathing, noon positions, and the restful tattoo of chipping hammers.

But these things must end, and we tied up in Cristobal. For a while we thought we were going to end up on the town hall steps, but the pilot stopped her in time. Whom should we see on the pier but our old friend, Doc Williams, ready for us with maps, information, and just about anything our little hearts desired. It was good to see him.

Panama and paychecks went well together. We wandered from bazaar to bazaar in usually vain attempts to find a cheaper price. Alligator was the goal — and alligator we got, in all shapes and sizes of bags for mothers or girl friends.

Some of us were lucky enough to ride through the Canal by ships — a valuable and interesting experience. Others of us, in true sailor fashion, found the girls of the Zone most attractive, for letters from Christobal are still arriving. Others discovered the gastronomical delights of a sizzling steak at the Chicago, or the atmosphere of the Claridge or the Dog House (Casa del Perro).

Six days, and some heavy lee rail-manning weather, later we docked in Ciudad Trujillo. The republic, of which this is the capital, shares the island of Hispaniola with the Republic of Haiti. With a Barrier of different languages and customs, the two small nations have never been cordial toward each other.

Our over-worked purses found little respite here, for prices were high. Prosperity was evident in the city, with many impressive parks and monuments, with new automobiles everywhere, and with the new luxury Hotel Jaragua just opened.

We celebrated Easter here, some in the magnificent cathedral wherein lie the bones of Columbus, some in the Episcopal mission church.

As we trooped aboard with our loads of mahogany ware, there were some who swore that the ship's draft changed noticeably. This is not entirely improbable, to judge from the immense quantities of souvenirs that were actually aboard by the end of the trip.

After a six-day run along Cuba and across the Gulf we arrived off Galveston early one morning. Waiting for daylight, we proceeded up the long, man-made channel of some fifty-five miles to Houston. This channel, deep enough for the largest tankers, was once a wandering little bayou. Dredging it has made Houston the second port of the country.

And Houston was the first port, as far as we were concerned. Never have we been welcomed so warmly. We attended the Houston Symphony concert, an uproarious comedy with Arthur Treacher, parties, dinners, dances, and the Frontier Fiesta, all done in the free style of Texas. And those girls . . . . . It is a fact that a great number of us are planning on heading for Houston when we graduate.

We were guests at the fabulous Shamrock Hotel, we did everything . . . well, this was the life. And we certainly hated to be heading down-channel, exchanging traditional farewell signals with the many ships berthed along it.

Around the Keys and up the east coast of Florida we coasted with the Stream, until one bright afternoon we arrived off Port Everglades, the deep-sea harbor of Fort Lauderdale and Miami. Here many of us saw the Intracoastal Waterway for the first time, that great inland passage from New Jersey to Texas.

Soon we had fanned out north and south, exploring the possibilities of southern hospitality. For us, Miami was what its reputation implied — fabulous. Many were given special liberty to visit relatives living nearby. Some even discovered a hidden desire for dancing classes.

A three-day run brought us into Chesapeake Bay, and we squared off for the last hundred miles to Washington. As we passed Mount Vernon we observed the traditional honors of tolling the bell and blowing taps. At last we were moored at the Naval Gun Factory, across the dock from the PC 1186, real heroine of a recent movie, and close to the Presidential yacht.

Soon ashore, armed with fresh paychecks, we spent much of our time sightseeing, observing at close range the activities about which we had all heard so often. Many of us disappeared into the Smithsonian, only to re-appear reluctantly at closing-time. The Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Congress, the White House — we saw them all, and we were impressed.

Meanwhile a seemingly never-ending stream of Very Important People visited the ship — our Senators and Representatives, the Governor, and others. The Governor decided to ride up part-way with us, so that we had a chance to see the Chesapeake-Delaware Ship Canal before we dropped him at Wilmington and headed full-speed for home.

On a happy Thursday afternoon, the 19th of April, we steamed into Boston, to moor at Commonwealth Pier. Crowds of relatives and friends greeted us — at the end of our last midshipman cruise. When next we shipped out it would be as mates and engineers and naval officers. We were a little saltier and, we hoped, a little more experienced.

No sooner had we secured to Commonwealth Pier than the Port watch section left on an overnight liberty. All their souvenirs were taken home and properly distributed. At noon the following day, the Starboard watch section left on a two day liberty and carted their various purchases along with them. The following Sunday saw the Starboard section aboard again, Port on a weeks leave, and the Charleston ready to leave for her home in Buzzards Bay. By Tuesday the ship was secured to State Pier and Starboard began the post cruise leave.

Our last period of leave from the Academy seemed to be the shortest of all we had ever enjoyed. This was, indeed, the last leave we would have — the summer schedule called for a semester of classes followed by our utimate liberation. September 10 would be our day.

Classes began bright and early on the morning after leave expired. Of course, along with classes came the inevitable daily routine: reveille, formations, afternoon instruction periods, study periods, musters. Then the also inevitable 1-50 lists, quarantines for navigation, and various and sundry little pleasantries.

As the summer progressed, many small items of general interest were brought to light. Among others, which will doubtless drift into oblivion, were the long nights spent in the town's entertainment establishments. A squadron of WAFs at Otis airbase helped make the evenings at least memorable.

There were sales and countersales of various automobiles, and the lending of certain other autos.

There was the Bourne Memorial Day Parade in which the Corps of Midshipmen participated.

There was the establishment of an intramural softball league, then a volley ball court and horseshoe pits.

There were the extra curricular feasts on the Charleston.

There was the establishment of a model building club which, it is hoped, will provide some invaluable training aids for use by the school.

There was the arrival and installation of the long awaited television set.

There was the little jaunt to Boston which enabled the Charleston to serve as hostess to the participants in the National Maritime Day celebration.

There were more: to be remembered by some; to be forgotten by others. Each little incident adding variety to an otherwise routine existence.

There was graduation.

THE LIFE

DAILY PORT ROUTINE ON DAYS CLASSES ARE HELD. (USUALLY MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY OF SCHOOL TERM)

0340 Call reliefs.
0400 Relieve the watch. Call cooks according to call sheet.
0600 Reveille.
0610 First call.
0615 Muster at division parades. Turn to on cleaning stations on completion of muster.
0630 Call late sleepers. Only mid watch sleeps in. Mess cooks to Mess Deck.
0640 Light smoking lamp. Secure from cleaning stations.
0655 First call to breakfast.
0700 Mess formation. Breakfast.
0720 Relieve watches.
0740 Out smoking lamp. First call.
0745 Assembly for morning inspection and drill.
0755 First call to colors.
0800 Colors. Commence first period.
0850 End of first period.
0855 Commence second period.
0945 End of second period. Light smoking lamp. Recess.
1000 Commence third period.
1050 End of third period.
1055 Commence fourth period.
1145 End of fourth period.
1150 Commence fifth period.
1225 Mess cooks and 12-16 watch dismissed from classes.
1240 End of fifth period. Sweep down all spaces.

30 Nov. 1950

1245 First call to dinner.
1250 Mess formation. Dinner. Light smoking lamp. Relieve the watch.
1325 First call. Out smoking lamp.
1330 Muster by classes. Commence afternoon program.
1530 Knock off afternoon program. Sweep down all spaces. Light smoking lamp.
1545 Athletic teams leave for practice as currently scheduled.
1600 Relieve the watch.
1725 First call to supper.
1730 Mess formation. Supper.
1800 Relieve the watch. Sweep down all spaces.
1840 First call. Out smoking lamp.
1845 Assembly for study period.
1950 Recess. Light smoking lamp.
2000 Resume study period. Relieve the watch. Out smoking lamp.
2045 End of study period. Light smoking lamp. Sweep down all spaces.
2115 Check muster. Out smoking lamp.
2150 Tattoo.
2200 Taps.
2340 Call reliefs.
2400 Relieve the watch.

NOTE:- Music hours same as smoking hours.

R.T. ROUNDS,LCDR.USNR,
EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

THE COMPANY STAFF

Company Commander ..... VIVIANO
Sub-Commander ..... GIETEK (*missing*)
Adjutant ..... ANACKI
Chief Petty Officer ..... LEONARD

PLATOON ONE STAFF

Platoon Commander ..... FETTIG
Sub-Commander ..... PANKOPF
Guidon Bearer ..... PHILLIPS
Platoon Guide ..... SULLIVAN, L. T.

First Squad Leader ..... COOPER
Second Squad Leader ..... HEALEY (*missing;*
Third Squad Leader ..... CHESEBROUGH
Fourth Squad Leader ..... BRADY (*missing*)

PLATOON TWO STAFF

Platoon Commander ..... COLLINS
Sub-Commander ..... QUERY
Guidon Bearer ..... IANNICCHERI
Platoon Guide ..... REYNOLDS (*missing*)

First Squad Leader ..... BARRETT
Second Squad Leader ..... ALDEN
Third Squad Leader ..... MCCARTHY
Fourth Squad Leader ..... GREEN, R. H.

PLATOON THREE STAFF

Platoon Commander ..... HASLAM
Sub-Commander ..... CARVALHO
Guidon Bearer ..... MARIA
Platoon Guide ..... MAICHLE

First Squad Leader ..... WRIGHT (*missing*)
Second Squad Leader ..... PERRY
Third Squad Leader ..... SCARBROUGH
Fourth Squad Leader ..... SCOTT

COLOR GUARD

Color Bearer — State Flag ..... CALLANAN
Color Bearer — U. S. Ensign ..... SULLIVAN, R. H.
Color Bearer — Battalion Flag ..... LOOTZ

Color Guard ..... BARRY
Color Guard ..... HENRY, P.

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Bandmaster ..... ROGERS
Sub-Commander ..... HARTWELL

Drum Major ..... HENRY, T. E.
Band Petty Officer ..... HOWES, D. E.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Ring Dance, 1949

Laying the foundation for a tradition, the class of 1950 held the first Ring Dance in the Sheraton Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. In the presence of distinguished guests a record attendance of Midshipmen with their beautiful dates in colorful evening gowns danced the evening away to the music of Freddy Sateriale.

The climax of the evening came with the ceremony of presentation of the class rings by each girl to her date under the flower-covered replica of the ring in the center of the floor.

After the ceremony dancing continued until midnight, when festivities were adjourned to numerous private places.

Mid-Summer Dance, 1950

Close upon the end of our most successful cruise came the Mid-Summer Dance, held in the Princess Room of the Hotel Somerset in Boston.

Again, Freddy Sateriale beguiled us with his melodies, as we danced away the evening, welcoming it as a delicious respite in our summer schedule of classes.

With the final notes of the orchestra the 1950 Dance Committee yielded its office to us, setting an enviable goal for us to attain.

Football Dance, 1950

With victory riding high on the shoulders of our team, we celebrated with a gala dance in the Bay State Room of the Hotel Statler. This time it was Maine's turn to yield the trophy to us, for our team, battered by injuries, had again proved that spirit wins games.

Our Dance Committee had arranged that all the Maine team would be provided with dates, so that everyone enjoyed the evening. Hal Reeves again provided the music for us.

Ring Dance, 1950

Carrying on the tradition established last year, we gathered in Boston at the Louis XIV Room of the Somerset for the most colorful ceremony of the year.

Flanked by side-boys in white gloves, the first classmen and their girls marched up the steps under the floral ring, kissed, and, after the presentation of the massive gold symbol of identity as a class, joined the happy, dancing throng below.

Our committee is to be congratulated for its excellent work, and for its clever additions to the ceremony. Next year's class, too, will have the advantage of a permanent base for the ring.

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FARRELL
SULLIVAN, L. T.
SCARBROUGH
MAICHLE
CARVALHO

Art Editor — WRIGHT
SULLIVAN, R. H.
COLLINS

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HARTWELL

Advertising Manager — MAICHLE
HENRY, P.
SCARBROUGH

Photographic Editor — LOMBARD
BRADY
PHILLIPS

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Although the record of the 1950 season was not an impressive one, we who cheered the team on despite its setbacks knew the full story. Coach Harrington fielded a team — a minor miracle sometimes — the starting line-up of which had to be juggled from week to week.

This year we were led by co-captains Bill Scarbrough and Dick Gietek, led to victory in the game that counts — the contest with our arch-rivals, the Maine Maritime Academy. Even with these two scrappers fighting for us we were unlucky, for Dick Gietek broke his ankle during an early scrimmage and occupied a permanent seat on the bench the whole season. We felt that if he had been out there we might have pulled a few more close ones out of the fire.

NEW BEDFORD TEXTILE

For the first game of the year we could not have picked a tougher opponent, thirsting to avenge last year's defeat. Frank Almeida, chosen All-American schoolboy eleven, was too much for our boys. His reverses were murderous — and we ended the game 26-0. Our coach could foresee the results, so our star, Roy Shaughnessy was sparingly used. Newcomers Jim Lawler and Frank Boyle ably backed up our old standbys. Dave Kaye and Bob Viviano. White and McGinnis kept Textile from completing a single play through guard.

FALMOUTH ALL-STARS

Oddly, we both won and lost this one, for although the game was a scoreless tie our moral victory in holding the powerful All-Stars was more than balanced by our loss of McGinnis and Al Naroian, who had filled in brilliantly for Captain Gietek. Again Dave Kaye held the line, while Roy Shaughnessy and Bob Spratt excelled in aerial warfare. Two young men, Bob McGillivray and Phil Morse showed great promise.

LOWELL TEXTILE

Injury-riddled, the Mariners travelled to Lowell to meet another Textile eleven. Evidently the Lowell team expected an easy time, for we almost broke through to win, the final score being 7-0. Lawler's end runs provided the excitement this time.

DEAN ACADEMY

This was another game that could have easily gone the other way if we had been at full strength. As it was, their 85-yard run by McCormick proved the deciding factor as we went down to a score of 12-0. The "Red Raiders" were hard-put to it to maintain a consistent ground attack, and with just a little more luck we might have triumphed.

RHODE ISLAND STATE FRESHMEN

The Staters were just out of our class. A lad by the name of Pina ran and ran and ran, and when the dust settled we were behind by 77-0. They played host at a football dance that evening, so that we came away with our wounded feelings somewhat assuaged.

QUONSET POINT

The Fliers of the Naval Air Station came down to Bourne and really showed us how to play football. In driving rain and high winds they rolled to a 35-7 triumph. Yet we were able to develop a scoring punch, with a pass from Shaughnessy to Boyle complete for six, plus a beautiful kick by Roy. Leading only 13-7 at the half, the Fliers finally wore down our pitifully few reserves and took off.

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

We won! The trophy is ours! Again the axiom that spirit counts proved itself as we defeated our pet rivals, in a tight contest at Gillis Stadium in Medford. After beginning a drive on our own 28-yard line, we scored on another of those passes from Shaughnessy to Flynn. Our try was unsuccessful, and at the half we held a slim 6-0 lead.

Boiling mad, Maine came out determined to drive through — and they did, Throumoulous going over for the score. Their point was good, and we were behind. But in the last quarter we were on our own 32 when Frankie Boyle threw a jump-pass to Flynn, who drove all the way to the Maine 26-yard line. Another pass brought us to the 11. From there we bucked across, with Dave Kaye tearing open the holes. A pass from Shaughnessy to Bob Spratt made the point, and we had won, 13-7.

After a bitter season the wine of victory was sweet. The band played well, and the large crowd enjoyed the day. That evening we celebrated with a dance at the Statler. Our co-captains, Bill Scarbrough and Dick Gietek, received the trophy from Maine's captain Bernie Gagne, to be held until next season.

BASEBALL

The 1950 edition of the Massachusetts Maritime baseball team saw the return of nine regulars, strengthened by six young men of promise. Many of us gave up our cruise leave period so that we could participate actively in the Cape Cod League, as we had for the past three years.

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MARITIME

It was a good club we had, one with great spirit and willingness, lacking only the endless practice needed to win. With our holdovers to next year we feel sure of a place considerably higher in Cape Cod baseball.

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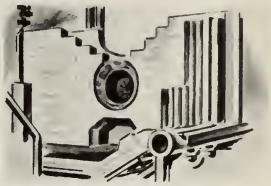

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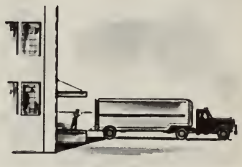

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Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Haire

Mr. and Mrs. A. Weston Glass

Mr. Walter G. Weeber

Mr. Leonard Sternsher

Mr. and Mrs. Alf. C. Lootz

Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Barton

Dr. and Mrs. B. D. Barton

Mr. Frederick T. Idings

Mr. Richard Leggee

Mr. and Mrs. Perly L. Hanson